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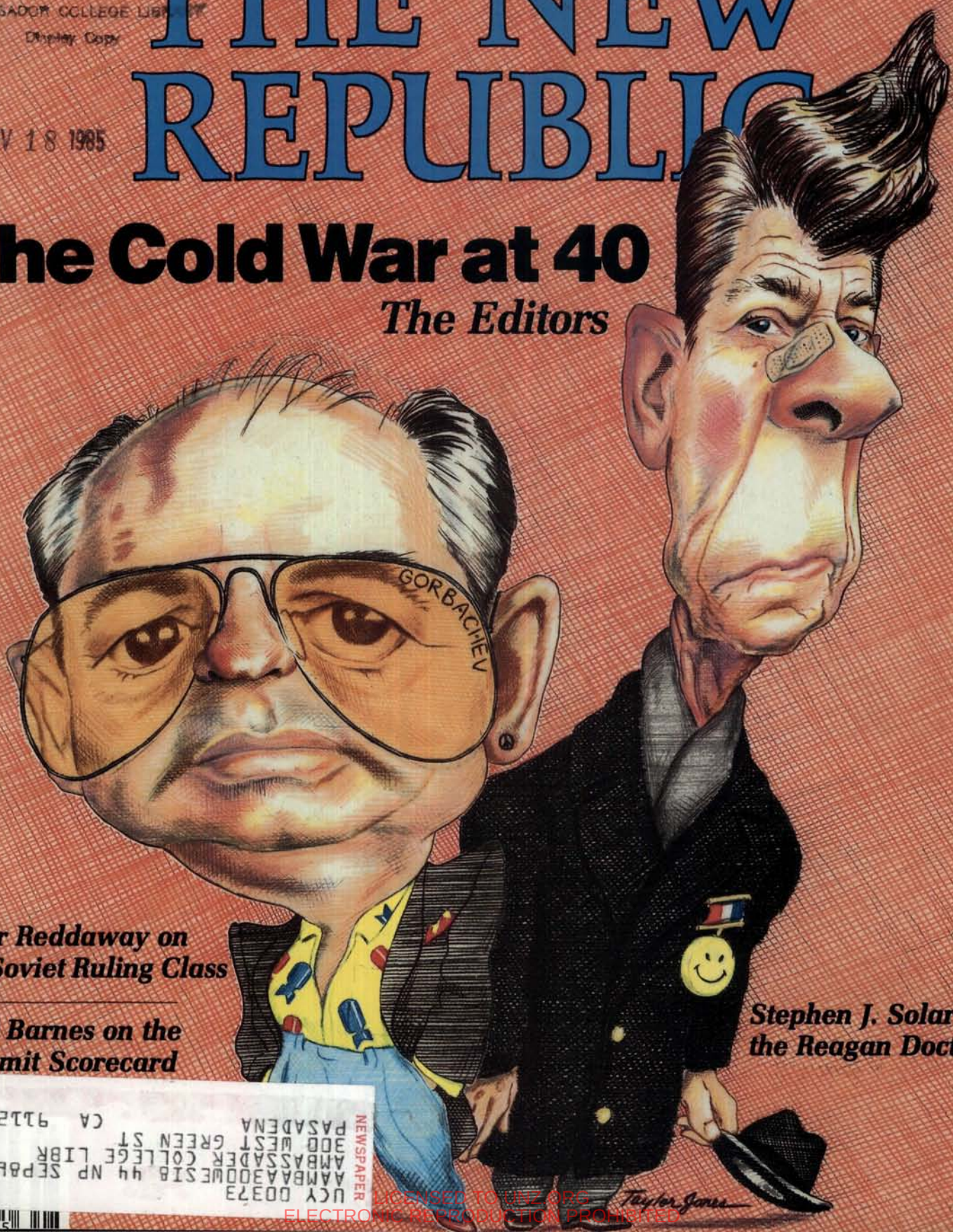
The Cold War at 40

The Editors



Peter Reddaway on the Soviet Ruling Class

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FROM WASHINGTON

STRONGMEN

A manly clenched fist fills the page. In the background, the American flag. Four words in block type: "THE PRIDE IS BACK." It's the front of a four-page fold-out Chrysler ad now running in various magazines. Inside is a patriotic collage: the Statue of Liberty (of course), fireworks, a victorious runner in a "USA" T-shirt, another flag, and so on, plus a couple of cars and Chrysler's new slogan, "BORN IN AMERICA."

This should not be confused with the title of Peter Ueberroth's new book, *Made in America*—also, as it happens, what Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca calls the first section of his own recent book. That book is titled simply *Iacocca*. Both books are examples of a genre best described as autohagiography. Iacocca's has sold more than two million hardcover copies. Ueberroth's publisher had 200,000 in print even before publication date. Iacocca and Ueberroth are exhibits A and B of that amazing recent development, the emergence of the businessman as hero and patriotic icon.

Both men get talked about for president. The talk usually is of one or the other riding to the rescue of the Democratic Party, although both are nominal Republicans. A recent poll shows Iacocca second only to President Reagan in eliciting positive feelings from the electorate, second only to Ted Kennedy as a favorite for the Democratic nomination, and triumphing over either George Bush or Jack Kemp in a general election.

Ueberroth shot to fame as head of the 1984 "private enterprise" Los Angeles Olympics. Now he is Commissioner of Baseball. Iacocca essentially purchased his national reputation at the expense of Chrysler shareholders and the taxpayers through years of television commercials starring himself as the feisty carmaker leading the charge to make America great again. Lately he has draped himself around the Statue of Liberty, as the well-publicized chairman of the corporate extravaganza raising money to refurbish the monument. (See "Liberty Deflowered," TRB, December 19, 1983.)

Ueberroth has not expressed many political views. His book doesn't get beyond patriotic boilerplate: "The United States of America is the greatest country in the world," and so forth. Iacocca, by contrast, has a clear political agenda. He stands for trade barriers and national economic planning through an alliance of business and government, beliefs he promotes in apocalyptic and xenophobic language. "America is losing its *ability* and maybe even its *will* to compete," he warns. While we look the other way, the Japanese are "taking over the backyard." He says, "When you're getting mugged . . . you should really look at who in the hell's mugging you." Iacocca favors quotas and taxes on imports, setting interest rates by law, and an industrial policy modeled on our present farm policy of price and production controls and subsidies. "Adam Smith went out of style decades ago," he declares.

Iacocca, at least, insists he doesn't want to be president. Indeed, he devotes an entire chapter of his book to insisting. But this is the usual stance of the businessman/hero: he does not seek challenges, they seek him out. He is at first reluctant . . . the challenge is beyond all human capability . . . but he succumbs to entreaties . . . he soon discovers it's even worse than he imagined . . . but in the end, with strong leadership, devoted followers, and a loving family . . . *Iacocca* and *Made in America* both follow this leitmotiv. In any event, the interesting question isn't whether Iacocca and Ueberroth want to run for president. It's why so many other people want them to run.

The hunger for a leader who is "above politics" reminds some of the Eisenhower era. But Eisenhower's appeal was as a caretaker who wouldn't bother people much. People today look to Iacocca or Ueberroth as a savior who'll take bold action. It's the difference between a kindly uncle and a strong father. As political heroes,

continued on page 41

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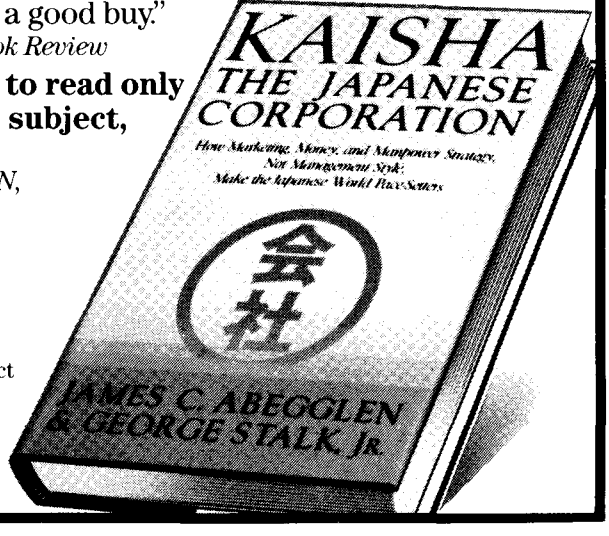

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CORRESPONDENCE

TAX REFORM REVIVAL

To the editors:

I was surprised to read the TRB column titled "Who Killed Tax Reform?" (October 28), which charged me with being one of the main culprits in its demise.

First, the allegation of tax reform's death is premature; a good, balanced bill is still possible. Second, the main reason President Reagan's own "tax simplification" measure is in trouble is that it is a flawed bill that is unfair to the bulk of our nation's taxpayers, the middle class. Principally it takes away the deduction for state and local taxes that more taxpayers use than any other in the federal code (87 percent of those who employ it earn incomes below $50,000 a year). The removal of this deduction also cripples federal-state relations by denying to states the wherewithal to finance their needs and to localities the funds to pay for public schools. This is certainly not a partisan matter; in my state alone, almost all the Republicans oppose Mr. Reagan on this issue.

The administration bill has other serious drawbacks, even TRB concedes; it gives enormous unjustified tax breaks to the wealthy and to corporations. There are some good features, including tax help for the poor. But in my opinion, Mr. Reagan's overall priorities are plain wrong. TRB says compromise is ruinous to tax reform. I believe just the opposite. Only compromise, which can dispose of the inequities in this legislation, can save tax reform.

MARIO M. CUOMO
Governor, New York

To the editors:

TRB's attack on Mario Cuomo is based on glaring inaccuracies. TRB says two-thirds of all taxpayers don't benefit from the deduction for state and local taxes. In fact, 51 percent of all taxpayers use the deduction, making it the most widely used deduction in the tax code.

TRB asserts that the excess tax cut for upper-income taxpayers under the president's plan "isn't coming from the middle class," but from the higher corporate rate. Nonsense. The proposal to lower the top rate from 50 percent to 35 percent will cost the Treasury an estimated $22 billion. If a fourth rate were added to the president's proposal, with taxpayers earning $70,000 paying a 40 percent rate (remember, it was 70 percent four years ago), approximately $11 billion would be produced for the Treasury. Hardly "trivial."

TRB seems shocked that people with incomes over $200,000 get an average deduction of $31,000. But that only reflects their payment of actual taxes to state and local governments that support services, like education, health care, and welfare, for the disadvantaged. Where is his indignation at the president's proposal to retain the full deduction for a $500,000 home mortgage, which serves no similar public purpose?

Finally, TRB's characterization of Governor Cuomo's role is simply nasty, beginning with the charge that he "has led the effort to make this a partisan issue." Certainly not in New York, where he has joined with Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato and every other leading Republican official in the state. Certainly not in the U.S. Senate, where many more Republican than Democratic senators are supporting the "Cuomo position," senators like Mark Andrews of North Dakota and Jeremiah Denton of Alabama.

JAY L. KRIEGEL
New York, New York

TRB replies:

I didn't say that tax reform was dead. I said that Governor Cuomo and others are killing it with their demands for "compromise." As for the state and local deduction, Jay Kriegel's assertion that "51 percent of all taxpayers" use it is preposterous, since only a third of all taxpayers—basically the richest third—itemize their deductions at all. I said the big tax cut for high-income people in Reagan's plan "isn't coming from the middle class" because on average the middle class gets a tax cut, too. This attempt to implant a sense of grievance in the middle class is exactly what I object to in Cuomo's politics. I agree with Jay Kriegel that there are many outrageous loopholes for the rich that Reagan

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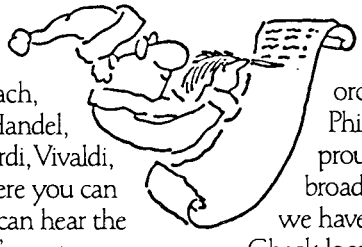
Christmas Liszt



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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 2, 1985

COLD TRUTHS, COLD WAR

Four thousand reporters are assembling in Geneva to cover the summit. An anticlimax is assured. There is no way that Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev could fulfill the messianic expectations that the media have saddled them with. Still, the anticlimax will not be entirely the media's fault. A couple of days spent in the same city by two men who have never met, who represent utterly different philosophies and political systems, and who do not even speak the same language, will hardly suffice to produce "an agreement" either on the maddening minutiae of arms control or on the broader principles of world order.

On most important matters, no agreement is possible, for substantive moral and historical reasons. The United States and the Soviet Union cannot agree about certain critical matters without betraying one or the other's time-honored traditions. Geneva, then, is an occasion to think about first principles. It's an opportunity for the citizens of the West to remember why such meetings are necessary. It should remind us of the justice of the Cold War.

The Cold War is still with us. Explain it any way you will—amorally, as the inevitable contest between the two strongest powers on earth; or morally, as the inevitable contest between two opposing views of human nature and human society. The inevitability of the contest remains. That the United States and the Soviet Union are set in struggle by their very definitions is not an interpretation of the world that psychologists can easily explain, or explain away. It is, rather, a correct description of the world itself, at least as it was arranged in the wake of World War II.

The Soviet empire dates from only yesterday. It originated in the epoch of the end of empire, when France, England, and the lesser European states were disgorging their mostly unprepared and surely undeveloped colonies, satrapies, and clients. Without real possessions to speak of, the United States also soon experienced in its own immediate geographical environment the operational limits of the sphere of influence.

Among the victorious World War II allies, the USSR alone ended up not simply with some old-fashioned territorial battle booty but with an empire in all but name, stretching from the Thuringian highlands to Sakhalin. The Soviet gains were exacted not only from defeated enemies but also from peoples and countries, some with democratic histories and advanced industrial endowments, that were among the first to have been victimized by the Nazis. Indeed, they were victimized while Stalin was still experimenting in comity with Hitler.

It was Marx who wrote: "Russian policy does not change. Its methods, tactics, maneuvers may be altered but the pole star of this policy, the domination of the world, is fixed." Of course, the Russia Marx wrote about was the czar's. If the old regime had survived past 1917 to participate in the triumphant coalition against the Nazis, it too would have sought to extract gains inconsistent with the declared democratic goals of the wartime alliance. But it would have been frustrated in the pursuit of these goals in a way Stalin never was. There is much evidence to suggest that the Soviets were startled at how easy it was, after the war, to get American and British assent to Soviet domination of Russia's neighbors. The paradox is that a totalitarian ally, whose participation in the war undercut the war's purposes, exerted greater political claim than any possible authoritarian ally.

One reason for this is that in the democratic countries there were millions of people who were—hard as it is to grasp and reluctant as we may be to remember—patriots of the Soviet Union, enthusiasts of Stalin. In their minds and in their propaganda they erased the differences between democratic and totalitarian societies. For many in the West, the end of national independence for at least nine European countries—along with the suppression of national identities for countless other peoples and ethnic groups—was a victory for freedom and for progress.

This postwar gift to the Soviets was supposed to pacify their own real phobias about their capitalist allies. It did not. The Western allies kept conciliating and propitiating the Soviets when it was already clear that the defeat of the Germans was at hand. By then, what was being compromised away had nothing to do with Germany itself but

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with the future of Europe as a whole. Thus, as George Kennan has written, even after "Russia's own territory had been freed of the enemy," we continued our "program of lavish and almost indiscriminate aid to the Soviet Union," aid that only encouraged the Soviets to pursue ends in Eastern Europe of which our government disapproved.

The failure of every such effort to allay Soviet suspicions led to ever-greater efforts, as if the failure were ours and not that of the Russians. It was not as if Soviet intentions were ambiguous. The Soviet response to the Polish and Slovak risings against the Nazis in the summer of 1944 should have been understood, for example, as a clear index of Stalin's designs. To these desperate and heroic insurgencies the Western allies, and particularly the British, provided the maximum support possible. But the Russians chose to watch the rebels drown in their own blood rather than risk the survival of independent nationalism in the two countries. Soviet complicity in the destruction of Polish and Slovak nationalism was the last revenge of the retreating Nazis in central Europe.

The betrayal of these Poles should have been no surprise, since Moscow had been sparring with their exiled political leaders in London for years. But according to *Russia's Road to the Cold War* by Vojtech Mastny, Czech troops fighting alongside the Red Army had only recently borne "the brunt of the difficult assault on the heavily fortified Dukla Pass in the northern Carpathians." Sentimentality for fighting democrats did not define Soviet policy. Alas, it did not circumscribe Allied policy either. At Yalta, as before at Tehran, Soviet aspirations were received as givens, and treated as legitimate. The betrayals were ratified and confirmed in a wholly new political map and new political arrangements in Europe. Based on annexations and eviscerations of large and historically gifted peoples, the post-Yalta world proved to be the precondition of global instability and continued anxiety in Moscow.

STILL, the Soviet appetite was not sated; it was, in fact, whetted. And despite the relentless ambitions of Moscow, many influentials in the West persisted in denying that the aims of the various former allies were incompatible. Not even the Red Army's brutal treatment of civilian populations in the "liberated" countries, or Russian demands for draconian reparations from prostrate peoples who had themselves been devastated by Nazism, would shake those who insisted on being faithful to the victorious tyranny. Even among the mighty and sitting governments, disenchanted by now with their failed efforts to placate Stalin's fears and increasingly irritated by provocative Soviet behavior said to be the expressions of these fears, there remained an exquisite alertness to Russian sensibilities. This was so even at the Potsdam conference and after, which is to say once we knew we possessed the first nuclear weapon.

A body of popular scholarship and journalism has charged the U.S. with embarking, after August 1945, on a strategy of "atomic diplomacy" aimed at intimidating the Soviet Union. What certainly had happened by then was a certain erosion in the moral cachet attached to Stalin's power—very belatedly, it must be said. And now, moreover, Harry Truman and Clement Attlee had taken the summit seats of the deceased Franklin D. Roosevelt and the defeated Winston Churchill. To be sure, the new incumbents were also less bound to the ideological baggage of unity at any cost, which had gotten the Allies through the war years. But on the crucial issue of the bomb itself, the West and the U.S. especially behaved with a generosity of spirit just about unknown to diplomatic history—naively, it now seems, but oh, so correctly.

In the Baruch Plan, unveiled in 1946, America offered to forgo its atomic monopoly in favor of international control of all nuclear energy. There were some flaws in the initial proposal: a short period in which the Soviet Union would have turned over some data about the state of its nuclear research while we had not yet relinquished our weapons. The plan passed the United Nations Security Council by a vote of ten to two, which is to say it failed because Poland and the USSR voted against it, the latter by veto. According to the Baruch proposal, vetoes were to be barred from the international agency governing the atom. There were also to be sanctions against violators of the agreement. There would be inspection and verification. But remember: the U.S. would have given up the weapon. For their own reasons, the Soviets did not pursue the historic option, and launched a propaganda assault on it that was taken up at home by, among others, Henry A. Wallace, soon to be ousted from Truman's Cabinet and to take up the cudgels as editor of THE NEW REPUBLIC.

The domestic debate around the Baruch Plan illumines one constant in the relations between the Soviet Union and the United States. There are always people at home to make the argument for the Soviets. This is part of the glory of our system. But it is also an intellectual trap. Some in the domestic debate measure any proposal, regardless of how fair or reasonable or just, not by its intrinsic merits or failings but by whether it meets with the ready approval of the Russians. In this reading, anything the Soviet Union opposes is unrealistic. There have been echoes of this theme in the present nuclear debate; and though it may prod the U.S. to greater flexibility with its positions, it tends to lock the Soviets into greater rigidity with theirs. Over the years this phenomenon has also permitted vast mobilizations of "peace-loving peoples" in behalf not of peace at all, but of Moscow's military doctrine of the moment.

ONE permanent feature of Soviet doctrine has been the large standing army: to be deployed on the borders of the USSR, to occupy and police the fraternal countries of the Warsaw Pact, and to compensate (and divert) a long-suffering populace for the failures of a dismal economy with the intoxicating international prowess of communism. While the Western armies began to demobilize almost on the very morrow of victory in 1945, the Soviets remained on a war footing, which is pretty much where

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they have been ever since. A more startling and meaningful contrast is hard to imagine, a contrast in expectations that are never shaken by the behavior of others, and a contrast in intentions.

So it was that the Cold War began: with the Soviet insistence on foreclosing international control of the bomb by developing, through a combination of quite competent research and more than competent espionage, its own nuclear capacity while maintaining at a high state of readiness the largest conventional military forces in the world.

IF THE WEST is to grasp the reason for the rattling conditions of its existence, it must begin with a correct description of the Soviet Union, of its history and its future. The Soviet Union is a monstrously large Communist police state, a prison for its own people, whom it has been successfully depoliticizing for decades. It is the possessor of one of the two deadliest arsenals on earth. Its arsenal, moreover, is the more likely to encourage the illusion that a nuclear war may not mean the end of civilization. It is not what the new Soviet missiles can do that should trouble us; it is what their Soviet masters *think* they can do.

The Soviet Union has grown into the greatest imperial power of the second half of the 20th century; and by empire, we mean empire—not the ambiguous relations of influence and alliance that make up the American sphere. No state anywhere stands to the United States in the same relationship as, say, Poland or Afghanistan stands to the Soviet Union. When our alliances slacken, we hold conferences. When theirs slacken, they hold invasions.

What do the Russians want? In the warp and woof of their Leninist patrimony is the idea that communism should conquer the world. It is a crude idea; but cruder ideas have acted on history. Do the Russians, then, want war? No, they do not. A ruler who destroys his people is not a tyrant, but a madman. The Soviets are supremely tyrants. Do the Soviets, then, want peace? Only a fool would say so. What then, if not war and not peace? The Russian scholar Michael Voslensky, who now lives in Munich, supplies a succinct formulation of Soviet intentions, cited by Peter Reddaway in this issue (see his review on page 28). The Soviets "do not want war. [They] want victory. [Their] aim is to win the struggle between the two systems without war, by frightening the West with [their] apparent determination to fight." To that end, Voslensky concludes, they "attack only the weak."

A major power that does not want to be left alone, that does not want to grow rich, that does not want to be free—how strange this must seem to the average American! We may not have an isolationist government, but we have an isolationist soul. It is this parochialism of the American temperament, coupled with its ancient indifference to things beyond its borders, that clouds our clarity. There is no longer any Communist Party or Stalinist movement to speak of in the United States that demands our attention. Not even the argument for détente bases itself upon a benign reading of the Soviet Union, though some of the arguers hold that view.

Still, there are American attitudes about what is possible that must be coldly criticized. There is, for example, the attitude that everybody else is either like us or not yet like us. Liberals in particular have a problem imagining permanent differences. And then there is the view that precisely because of the staggering stakes involved in the superpower rivalry, we must still be sensitive to the Soviet sensibility. This is a more subtle argument, and in some of its forms it is not at all about appeasement. But it does have the result of putting the United States in the reactive position, in the role of the worrier, even of the arbitrator. But you cannot arbitrate a dispute to which you are a party. You can only behave responsibly within it.

The argument for sensitivity is based on nuclear danger. And if you believe that either the United States or the Soviet Union is ready to start a nuclear war, all other considerations must indeed give way. Fortunately for the world, there is scant evidence for such panic. Forty years of successful deterrence may not be quite enough to free us from fear, but it is nothing to sneeze at either. Still, the administration, no less than its many critics, aided by NATO and abetted by Soviet propaganda, has incomprehensibly allowed the nuclear problem to overwhelm all of our relations with the Soviet Union. Thus the summit at Geneva is treated only like a very glorified arms control negotiation. The importance of arms control notwithstanding, there are a number of reasons why it must not be confused with the content of the U.S.-Soviet relationship.

FIRST, it is essentially a managerial idea, an instrument for coping with the military particulars of a relationship that is primarily political. War between the superpowers will be the result of political incompetence, not military incompetence.

Second, arms control is an obscure, difficult, and endless thing to bring about—not the kind of activity to which we should wish to hold ourselves hostage.

Third, and perhaps most important, the existence of nuclear weapons has had only a limited influence upon the behavior of the superpowers around the world. It was during the short era of the American nuclear monopoly, for example, that the Soviet Union consolidated its empire in Eastern Europe. Nor did the Soviet nuclear arsenal deter our own various interventions around the world. It is amazing how much life and death can go on within the nuclear shadow.

The Geneva summit, in short, will be a success only if it does something very un-American: if it accustoms us to the reality of conflict. For it appears that we are destined, beyond what any contemporary eye can see, to live in conflict, to live a little dangerously. The values and interests of the United States and the Soviet Union make it so. Still, a great deal of responsible behavior is possible within such a dour destiny. If Reagan and Gorbachev succeed at how-do-you-do and at nothing else, they will have done quite a lot. In the nuclear age, an anticlimax may be a blessing.

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NOTEBOOK

□ EDWARD R. MURROW PRIZE: On November 6 the Washington conservative network threw itself a big dinner in a hotel ballroom under the banner "Saluting an American Hero: A Tribute to William Bradford Reynolds." The occasion was designed as a show of support for Reynolds, assistant attorney general for civil rights, and a thumbing of the nose at liberals who blocked his elevation to deputy attorney general. The list of sponsors in the program included the usual right-wing names and organizations, such as Richard Viguerie, Joe Coors, the National Right-to-Life Committee, and the Heritage Foundation, along with lesser known but easily placed groups such as the World Youth Crusade for Freedom and the Federalist Society. But it also included one big surprise: CBS, Inc.—the only commercial corporation (let alone news organization) on the list. What gives here? Is it not enough that CBS recently hired former Reagan aide Michael Deaver as a consultant at a fee rumored to be $350,000 a year? Or was helping to finance a conservative love-in the result of Deaver's advice? Whatever, the perennial right-wing attacks on CBS (which reportedly continued at this dinner) are rapidly taking on the character of a protection racket.

□ NO ONE HERE BY THAT NAME: Easily the most intriguing piece of mail we have received recently is a letter from Alfred A. Knopf, the distinguished New York publishing house, addressed to Mr. Alger Hiss, c/o THE NEW REPUBLIC. We would tell you what was in it, but then as Henry Stimson once said regarding espionage, "Gentlemen don't open each other's mail."

□ MISSION ACCOMPLISHED:

Falwell off to gather facts in the Philippines

—*Washington Times*, November 11

Jerry Falwell hailed the Philippines as a paradise.

—*New York Times*, November 13

□ MEDLEY RETURNS: Back from a stay with Vice President and Mrs. Bush in Maine, J. William Medley has resumed his weekly syndicated column, "Conventional Wisdom." His latest piece, "Realignment and Royalty," assessed the recent election results in Virginia and New Jersey. He observed: "We welcome the crown prince and the dazzling princess as only a democratic people can. Yet ultimately we know that we do not need the timeless symbolism of a king and queen any more than we need the passing fashion of political change. From the rolling hills of the Shenandoahs to the leafy suburbs of the Garden State, a spirit of equilibrium, of moderation, of pragmatism, of progress, of sensible leadership—and sensible leaders—is taking hold in America. Truth be told, these have long been hardy seeds in the soil of American politics, but too often in recent years we have only seen the stubborn weeds of extremism. Now a centrist Republican in the Garden State and a centrist Democrat in Virginia have won governor's chairs. Knowledgeable Washington observers do not even need to know their views to suspect that they are probably the real future of American politics."

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

SUMMIT SCORECARD

DON'T ASK senior officials of the Reagan administration, even the well-wired ones, what's going to happen at the summit meeting between the president and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev on November 19 and 20. They know a comprehensive arms control agreement isn't going to be forged, if only because Reagan won't comply with Soviet demands that he abandon his Star Wars antimissile defense scheme. But beyond that they're not so sure. The problem is that they don't know which Ronald Reagan is going to show up at Geneva: the old saber-rattler or the Peace President as choreographed by First Lady Nancy Reagan.

"There really are two Ronald Reagans when it comes to the Soviets," a perplexed Reagan aide says. "One is the guy who dealt with the Communists in Hollywood, who has read a lot about communism and understands its character and values. The other is the president who wants to go the last mile to see if you can't work out some modus vivendi with the Russians. One is the realist, the other the optimist. One day he says he's really glad he gave that 'evil empire' speech. The next he says he can't wait to sit down and talk to the Soviets. Let's hope that it's the realist who goes to Geneva."

Given Reagan's ambivalence, it's small wonder that his underlings were still fighting furiously among themselves on the eve of the summit. It was the hawks (mostly at the Defense Department, but also the White House) against the doves (mostly at the State Department). The two factions, which disagree sharply on many aspects of arms control, did manage to come together in October on a Reagan counter to Gorbachev's proposal for slashing nuclear arsenals by 50 percent. The doves yearn to treat Star Wars as a bargaining chip, but they didn't try to persuade Reagan, knowing he is firmly on the side of the hawks on

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that issue. They succeeded, though, in getting the hawks to approve a ceiling of 1,500 on cruise missiles. The hawks, in turn, were able to insert in the proposal a ban on mobile missiles, an area where the Soviets are ahead. Nice tit for tat, but still nothing the Soviets will leap at.

THE SMALLER the issue, the bigger the fight. It was the draft summit communiqué, written at the State Department and quietly submitted to the Soviets, that sparked the most bitter disagreement. The hawks were apoplectic. They saw the document as the essence of moral equivalence, portraying the Soviet Union as just another country struggling gamely for peace and human rights. Secretary of State George Shultz submitted the seven-page, 40-paragraph document to Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze when they conferred at the United Nations in October. This was seven days before most administration officials got copies, marked SECRET. Ordinarily, such a security classification is used to keep a document out of the Soviets' hands. This time the document had gone to them first, and the SECRET stamp was applied to keep it from leaking to noisy right-wingers and the press.

The classification ploy failed. At the White House, Patrick Buchanan, Reagan's communications chief, was appalled when he read the draft communiqué. It was chummier with the Soviets than anything he'd seen during the heyday of détente as a speechwriter in Richard Nixon's White House. At Defense, nuclear strategist Richard Perle was furious, and he complained loudly inside the administration. In the Senate, the few hard-line Republican senators who saw the document were also upset.

The fuss was over six paragraphs. One dealing with arms control agreements averred that the U.S. and the Soviets were equally zealous about strict compliance. "Both sides recognized the vital importance of adhering scrupulously to existing commitments," the draft communiqué said. "The United States expressed its serious concern over Soviet violations of several commitments. Both sides agreed to redouble their efforts in the Standing Consultative Commission to provide suitable clarifications and resolve outstanding issues of concern to both parties." Another paragraph, overlooking Soviet use of chemical weapons in Afghanistan, said, "The two sides agreed to accelerate efforts to agree on a treaty to ban chemical weapons. They also agreed to initiate a bilateral dialogue on the proliferation and use of chemical weapons."

But what enraged administration hawks even more than the moral neutrality of these paragraphs were the passages on terrorism, human rights, military inspections in Germany, and plane flights in the Pacific. You'd have thought that the Soviets played no role at all in abetting terrorism. "President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev discussed the threat to international stability currently posed by the prevalence of terrorism in the world. . . . The two leaders condemned international terrorism and agreed to hold discussions seeking ways to reduce the threat to the world community." On human rights, the Soviets were actually praised. Not only did the communiqué have the U.S. and the Soviets equally committed to honoring the United Nations Charter and the Helsinki accords, it also said the U.S. was "pleased to note that consistent with the provisions of the Final Act [at Helsinki] the Soviet Union had recently resolved a number of humanitarian cases involving divided spouses and dual nationals." No mention of repression of Jews, Christians, and political dissidents.

Remember Major Arthur Nicholson, the American officer shot by a Soviet soldier during a military inspection in East Germany last March and left to bleed to death? The draft communiqué had the U.S. raising "the situation of the military liaison in Germany," but added that "both sides reaffirmed the importance of strict adherence to agreements in these areas and the need to avoid incidents which could lead to their deterioration." As for Korean Air Lines Flight 007, the commercial airliner shot down by a Soviet fighter, the document noted: "The leaders also noted with satisfaction that, in cooperation with the Government of Japan, the United States and the Soviet Union have agreed to a set of measures to promote safety on air routes in the North Pacific and are working out steps to implement them."

After all the flap, the communiqué was nixed for an entirely different reason: the Soviets were cool to it, or at least to the parts having to do with arms control. "It proved impossible to agree on arms control formulas," says a White House aide. "That did the communiqué in." Without a strong section on arms control, there wasn't enough for an entire communiqué. Now Reagan and Gorbachev may issue a few "joint statements" on arms control issues. Nothing big, though.

No communiqué, no "guidelines" for arms negotiators to follow, no fresh arms pact. Are these the ingredients of a failed summit? Not necessarily. Reagan has said all along he'd settle for a get-acquainted session with Gorbachev, and that's what he'll probably get. The Soviets had been calling for more substance at Geneva, only to lower their public expectations considerably in the days before the event. Why? Administration officials figure the Soviets played their stop-Star Wars game for all it was worth in hopes Reagan could be muscled into a major concession. He didn't yield, and now the Soviets are left with salvaging something from Geneva.

Reagan, as ever, is poised to claim success at Geneva. His post-summit speech to Congress declaring the meeting a triumph was written days before his departure for Geneva. If nothing else, Reagan will point to agreement on a follow-up meeting with Gorbachev, perhaps even on a set date. And administration officials believe the Soviets too will hail the start of a new Soviet-American dialogue. There's a wild card in all this, though. For several years Nancy Reagan has been prodding the president to make his mark by straightening out Soviet-American relations and bringing real peace. The president's aides aren't predicting a bold move, but stranger things have happened.

FRED BARNES

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POSTCARD NEW YORK

INSIDE A BATHHOUSE

A STREAM of examiners has moved through New York bathhouses recently: literary types needing material, a *New York Post* reporter aiming to fuel the AIDS hysteria, representatives of a gay group that has tried (with limited success) to get the places to clean up their act, and city inspectors checking for what is now illegal sexual activity. So I was only joining a tradition last Saturday night when I put on a silk scarf and went to the East Village bathhouse that claims to be the largest in the country.

The New St. Marks Baths is housed in a five-story brick building that is painted black and has steel shuttering over the windows. A plaque says it was the site of the last New York City home of James Fenimore Cooper. I walked past its doors twice, rethinking my plans, then went in and up an old marble-tiled staircase to a caged admission booth.

Weekend rates were $7.50 for a locker, $12.50 for a room—keys due back within eight hours. Without understanding the different social status each confers in the world inside, I asked for a locker. I signed my name three different places, one of them to indicate that I would not diverge from a physicians group's safe sex guidelines. The man in the booth slid back the guidelines, a condom in a packet saying, "The contents of this envelope could save your life," and finally my bathhouse suit: a towel with a safety pin in the corner. Then a large man with a 200-push-ups-a-day body and no hair hit a buzzer and, pulling open the heavy inner door, I was in.

In was a maze of dimly lit passageways, black stairs, red lights. I changed into the towel at my locker and found my way to the brightest spot, the shower and sauna area downstairs. About 20 men went to and fro. Disco music came over the P.A., and there was a strong senior prom feeling in the air, the sense that all this was preface. No one talked. It was as though everyone meant to preserve a cone of anonymity about himself—as many had in the register upstairs by leaving crabbed and illegible signatures.

A lot of men were preening. A physical culture enthusiast sandwiched dips in the hot Jacuzzi with thunderous laps in the tiny plunge pool ("Anyone with bodily infections not allowed"). An older man flapped his towel about him like a bird flapping its wings. And there were endless variations on the towel-wrap: long and tight like a Gauguin mistress, folded once to make a taut mini, twice for a sumo skirt, and then a sort of culotte left open in front like a curtain in a display case.

After my second dilatory shower I went upstairs to "The Lounge." This darkened room had a more intense and even tragic atmosphere. Nine men sat or lay on a black vinyl-cushioned bench that went around three of its walls. Most of them were as dazed as opium eaters. Some smoked. No one said a word, and nobody read the AIDS literature on the table before us. Then I realized that most of these men were postcoital; as I'd learn later, the lounge is the place where the locker class of the St. Marks goes to unwind after sexual encounters. The air was filled with tristesse, lethargy. Some of the men were slowly getting ready for their next meeting, communicating with glances, brushings that might have seemed inadvertent. In one corner a man stretched his arm out behind another. This led to a wordless, five-minute embrace, and then the two stood and left.

UNTIL I GOT to the third floor I did not realize how many men were in the building. A black steel staircase, lit by red light bulbs, took me up to a narrow doorway that opened on a dark warren of rooms that was teeming with men in towels. They passed up and down the cramped corridors between the cubicles—53 cubicles on the floor under red light, each room large enough for a raised pallet and a bit of floor space, each with a large black number on the door. Wooden dividers stopped well below the ceiling so that noises and murmurings inside were virtually public, but there was little talk, and what I heard was the sometimes urgent jingling of the keys and brass number disks on the elastic straps the patrons slid onto their arms.

I'd been afraid that my own furtiveness and reticence would cause me to be challenged—and yet almost everyone there seemed furtive and self-conscious, tremulous even.

Many occupants of the cubicles had arranged themselves on their beds with their doors open. Body language: most were on their backs, naked or decorated with the towel, eyeing the doorway; others lay on their stomachs but peered back over their shoulders at the door. The traffic in the passageways sometimes bottlenecked when a man leaned into a doorway to examine the candidate more closely. The behavior was so wordless, so pictorially reminiscent of seraglio paintings, that it seemed ancient, instinctive, acultural.

In my imaginings about the bathhouses, the big factor I'd left out was rejection. My visions had been boisterous, rowdy, scenes of convivial abandon. But men were constantly being rejected, not chosen, which is why the place was so silent, so thick with longing and dread. Sometimes I could see the clients' desperation in their faces as they stared up from the pillows, their elbows hoochie-koochied behind their heads. The silent bargaining appeared to be frank, withering even: at one cubicle, two men crowded into the doorway and bent forward to consider the object, flintily.

A little further on and a man came to the narrowed darkened door with his erection in his hands. Down the next passageway, a man who was being sodomized with

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the light on was simultaneously leaning off the bed to flap the door so as to fan the stuffy room. Now and then moans rose and spread out against the pressed tin ceiling. Doors latched and unlatched.

There were 53 cubicles on the fourth floor as well—I guessed there were about 200 men in the bathhouse. The place is open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Although it was a Saturday night, the busiest time, I had some feeling of the absolute similarity of one hour there to any other hour. Management was at once obsessed with time, because that is what was sold, and doing its best to remove all connection to it. There was a small red digital clock on each floor and an attendant who now and then filled out notices reading, "Sir, I tried to wake you at ———." But everything else about the place, from the crepuscular artificial light to the windowlessness to the endless disco tape (the beat of each song stitched into the next), seemed calculated to wrap events into a timeless cocoon.

I went back downstairs. Now everything seemed more frank and weird.

The cafeteria had two entrances, allowing men who had not paid admission to the baths to come in and mingle with the patrons across a counter, and so there was a line of nude men on stools on one side and a line of fully dressed men, some in their overcoats, on the other, and above them all a board advertising peanut butter sandwiches and a breakfast special.

In the Jacuzzi, two men were having sex. I sat on the bench nearby and eavesdropped on two others whose talk wandered from sex to opera. "He's got a magnificent voice. Magnificent. A basso profundo . . ." "He was the type who's always playing with himself. You know the type." ". . . this big around at the base."

In the steam room I could make out about ten men on the stone benches, but they went in and out of clouds, and thus must have been more accessible to fantasy, for one of them, it was not clear who, was masturbating noisily.

THESE SCENES may have been distasteful to me, but many represent elements of gay culture I don't think the state has any right to interfere with. And yet what the doctors call high-risk sexual activity was plainly going on there too, and informal surveys by gay groups of bathhouse patrons indicate, amazingly, that some are unaware of the dangers. What should be done? The campaign to close the bathhouses seems anti-gay, constitutionally questionable, and there is even some doubt about its efficacy in fighting the epidemic. These efforts also downplay the significance of nongay risk areas.

I like the San Francisco option: a lot of regulation. Take the doors off the cubicles, hire monitors from the gay community to go in there. Put signs up.

And get the language consistent. The St. Marks management is said to be the most responsible of the dozen or so baths in New York, but even here the patrons receive contradictory messages. For instance, small mimeographed sheets taped to the admissions booth reported the health commissioner's ruling that acts of fellatio and anal intercourse are illegal in the baths, while more colorful displays, including the guidelines I vowed to obey, instructed patrons how they could perform either act safely. Inside I saw more warnings about husbanding New York's water supply than about AIDS, and the Gay Men's Health Crisis poster titled "GREAT SEX, Don't let AIDS stop it" seemed only to contribute to the central illusion of the place: things are hunky-dory.

For the bathhouse was anchored in illusion, down to the fact that what is labeled the second floor is actually the third floor of the building. My big question before going was how the patrons dealt with the incontrovertible fact of AIDS, what sort of fatalistic culture prevailed there, what mood of sexual Russian roulette. I'm told that bathhouse behavior has changed dramatically since 1981 or so, but what struck me was that once the men had shed their clothes and other connections to the world past the front door, they found themselves living a psychological drama in ways more riveting than the drama surrounding AIDS; it was the very old anxiety of the sexual marketplace: Am I attractive, will that man have me or not, and do I want him? That drama was intensified by the darkness, the vast numbers of other men in their towels, or nude, some leering in the doorways.

A man could live round the clock in there and pretend that day, night, the East Village, and AIDS did not exist. The bathhouse would provide little real evidence to the contrary, beyond the attendant moving everywhere through the place picking up used towels and dropping them in a bag, his hands and forearms encased in thick white rubber gloves.

PHILIP WEISS

Philip Weiss is a New York writer. His last article for TNR was "Goode, Bad, and Ugly" (June 10).

WASHINGTON SCENE

THE SECOND COMING

ALTHOUGH I had not expected to live to see it, mine eyes have beheld the Second Coming of the British Monarchy to the United States. If we believe the magazines, television news, and above all, the *Washington Post*, the Prince and Princess of Wales on their return home will present to Queen Elizabeth II, the great-great-great-great-granddaughter of George III, 50 American colonies a-dangling, as "The Twelve Days of Christmas" would put it.

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But has there been a "royal fever"—outside some pockets of Washington society? After rising before dawn on the Sunday of the visit, to make sure of a seat in Washington Cathedral among the 2,000 of the common herd who were admitted, my mind wandered from the Book of Common Prayer (commissioned by Edward VI, of whom Elizabeth II is the great-great . . . but work that out for yourself) as I tried to understand this Royal Happening in the city the British burned.

My mind was concentrated, for example, whenever I had a commoner's glimpse of the Princess of Wales; and the first thing to be said—since without her there would have been much less hullabaloo—is that she is strikingly beautiful, as is a fine racehorse, a pedigree guernsey cow, or a genetically sound, perfectly grown radish. I would not go so far as a journalist in the *Observer* of London who spoke recently of her "stillness and beauty," but having now seen her about her day-to-day business, I understand why Suzanne Lowry reached for the word "stillness."

BUT FIRST there is coarser yarn in the skein to unravel. The occasion of the Happening was the work of J. Carter Brown, the director of the National Gallery, who believes it his duty to arrange ever more grandiose spectaculars, blockbusters, Busby Berkeley Superduper Productions, in place of the more modest exhibitions with which galleries used to be satisfied. The purpose is to draw the Black Tie Set, with the excuse that it is "good for the gallery"; and what has been on exhibition in Washington for two weeks has been snobbery—pestilent, unabashed, malodorous snobbery.

Once Carter Brown thought of getting some 700 works from English country houses, we can be sure that his mind slid easily to the idea of flying over with them several hundred English peers. Now, it is not difficult to rent the English aristocracy these days. When they first fell on hard times, they took to marrying American heiresses (usually the daughters of pork barons, as Henry Cabot Lodge, a true American aristocrat, once sniffily said), but that meant having the women hanging about the ancestral hall, getting in the way of the game dogs. This bedraggled peerage at last found it simpler to rent out their houses, their treasures, and themselves to anyone able to afford the price.

Where could Carter Brown find the money? With the expertness of a practiced cadger, he hoodwinked the Ford Motor Company into putting up three million dollars, it is said (although I have reason to believe it will cost more), and so in the last week of October a fleet of Concordes began to fly in (much as in the Berlin Airlift) a large section of the English aristocracy, more or less crated like their treasures. A particularly ripe collection, who promote themselves as "The Magnificent Seven," was billeted at the Ritz Carlton, where we can be sure they did not pick up the tab. The instructions to the staff of the hotel on how to greet and treat an English Lord—the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough must be addressed as "Your Grace" and "Madam"—were typed on paper of the Ford Motor Company and Rogers & Cowan Inc., its public relations firm in Washington. It was the descent of the aristocracy that provided the setting for the Second Coming, and the snobbery it inflamed must be disentangled from the "royal fever."

For days and nights round the city stumbled this Beggars Opera of chinless wonders. It has taken centuries of genetic trial and error to breed out the chin; evolution, not creationism, can alone explain the English lord. All around me were the plummy accents (so nearly lost to my memory), soaked in port measured by the centuries, which is what preserves them. And there were some of the younger ones too—puppy yuppie uppies, I suppose. There was unmistakably what John Betjeman once called "the bossy voice of Kensington, the glossy voice of Kensington." They were the import of snobbery—Ford's new Edsels.

This snobbery is an infection in Washington now—Official High-Media Washington. It is not to be found, at least with the same virulence, anywhere else in America. It has its John F. Kennedy Performing Rites Center; its court scribes in the *Washington Post*, especially its Style section; and its own National Gallery of Afflatus, where, under the ministry of Carter Brown, there is from time to time a divine imparting of knowledge and power to the Initiated.

There was one further ingredient. Over this level of Washington society oozed a blancmange of Anglophilia. (A blancmange is a nursery pudding in England, which can have no purpose but to make the children sick.) But these Anglophiles get everything wrong, adoring in England all that is most imbecile in its upper class. They wear the rags of the "Treasure Houses of Britain" while the country on which the houses are built sinks giggling into the sea: this once scepter'd, thrice blessed isle ruined by what for 100 years has been perhaps the most disastrous governing class in history.

THE HAPPENING, then, was made in Washington, to the glorification of this unlikable small but powerful segment of its society, and into this noxious atmosphere at 8:45 a.m. on a Saturday flew the Prince and the Princess.

As part of the buildup, we had been hearing of their tour in Australia. But at the same time Queen Elizabeth—"She who must be obeyed," as Rumpole calls his wife—was visiting her diminished possessions in the West Indies. Hardly a line about her tour appeared in the press; and if it had been she who had come to Washington, there would have been much less stir. She would not have been on the covers of all those magazines, and Style would (possibly) have been less soppy, soapy, sappy, and soupy. This warns us that it may be misleading to talk too glibly of the public interest in the visit as evidence of an American infatuation with royalty.

It needed the Walt Disney ingredients, and they were

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there in plenty, in the Prince (who does not have a large part even in *Snow White*), but of course mainly in the Princess. ("But who are the Seven Dwarfs?" asked a sour American friend. The Magnificent Seven, of course.) One was watching a fairy tale. However improbable it may seem, Princess Diana is for a brief hour a fairy-tale Princess, and no muckraking by the British press, or scavenging among the muck by Tina Brown in *Vanity Fair*, can touch her. Even though she comes from a "better family" than the royal family itself—hers has its seat in one of the older of the Treasure Houses—she possesses some of the magic of Cinderella.

So when a young woman, representative of many others to whom I talked, said, "She is my age, and she's already a Princess, and has two children," I found the remark unassailable. If you can see a fairy tale walking, especially in a country where the monarchy is neither an addiction nor an affliction, what is wrong with it? Boys also dream of waking Sleeping Beauty with a kiss, saving a damsel in distress, and even finding a scullery maid who turns into a Princess (with no more than a glass slipper—that's what I call a cheap date). All of this has little to do with the institution of monarchy. I did not feel it necessary to warn the young woman of the pernicious doctrine of the divine right of kings, or go out and buy her a copy of Tom Paine's *The Age of Reason*.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

So what was there in the crowds, who did not share the snobbery or the Anglophilia? I stayed among them for a couple of days, and it was clear once again how starved the Americans are of pageantry and color in their public life. My neighbors in the cathedral even commented on the jubilant music, almost fanfares, that came out of the organ pipes. There are few excuses in America for a good parade, "except at the Rose Bowl and the others," said one father, "and when they're over, that's it for the year." But this was not even a parade, I said. He nodded in answer to his children's faces: for them there was an aura of pageantry in just seeing a Prince and Princess.

Among the adults there was also something that I had not anticipated: a yearning for stability, for a symbol of continuity. This was where the Queen came in. "It's been there a long time, the English monarchy, I mean. . . . There's only one Queen to us. Who knows the name of the Queen of Holland? Who cares! . . . When we say the Queen, we mean the English Queen"—British, please, British—"I've been reading about her all my life." There was even a rather moving belief—I hope not misplaced—that "there'll always be an England."

Yet when one has taken all these threads out of the skein, there remains the fact that, yes, *royalty* is part of the appeal in it all; and insofar as the "fever" was "royal," I felt uncomfortable with it in a republic. The one thing to be said for the lords (who still regard the present royal house as Hanoverian upstarts) is that they were dead set on getting out before the royals hit town: all that getting up and down for a Prince and a Princess—when you are a Duke. If you live in a family, you know its secrets. But when Americans are touched by royal fever, there are no antibodies.

With that one comes to the phenomenon of "Princess Di," for it is as such that she has entered the folk mind. And whereas that should make her just a celebrity, in fact it does not, which is why it is uninteresting to talk of her as a Barbie Doll Princess. If one is going to be interested in monarchy at all, one has to take into account its property of mystery. Serious historians and others have remarked on the skill with which Queen Elizabeth's grandfather (George V), her father (George VI), and now she herself have democratized the monarchy, given it more of a common touch, while retaining enough of "the mystery of monarchy." It is one thing to grow up with that mystery as part of one's history, stretching back to the time of King Arthur; it is quite another to be an American who is immune deficient to the seductions of the mystery. Grown men in Britain do not slobber over Princess Diana. But grown men in Washington this week, who have quivered

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with disgust at Madonna's mass appeal, have for two weeks been quivering with desire to bow before Princess Diana.

That Princess Diana, by her assumption of royalty, has acquired the mystery (which I would not have recognized from television) seems to me unquestionable. She is not the Diana of her engagement, or even of her wedding. When I speak of her striking beauty, I am saying that something has been added. It is something with which we endow her; but also something she is acquiring and bestowing, a distancing that has not only to be seen in her presence, but to be compared with, say, the distancing by Queen Elizabeth or the Queen Mother and, before her, Queen Mary.

As for Prince Charles, he was born and trained to it. One of the most famous photographs of him was taken when he was about four. He had been taken by his nanny to thank the engine-driver who had driven the Royal Train from Scotland. There he was standing on the platform—and even a Prince gazing up at an engine-driver is just a boy—but with his hands clasped behind his back. One of the difficulties for royalty is what to do with their hands in all their public appearances, so they are taught to clasp them behind their backs; and what Prince Charles learned by four he had not forgotten in Washington last week. What is more, amid the obsession with the Princess, there occasionally broke through a quite clear picture of the heir to the throne as he is known to those who have to deal with him: the future constitutional monarch, for example, who asked for a serious meeting to learn more about the American Constitution; and in the public appearances, a man who handled it all with a relaxed, often self-deprecating, even wry forbearance. That's the training.

What happens when a Prince of Wales returns home from America? Here is a story sent out by the Associated Press:

> The Prince of Wales never loses an opportunity to use Americanisms or to display some of the knowledge gleaned while in the United States. On his recent visit to Ayr in Scotland, a sleety gale was blowing as he stepped from the train. His first words were: "Swell weather you keep here."

That appeared in TNR of May 12, 1926, after the *then* Prince of Wales—Prince Charles's great-uncle, who later became Edward VIII—had visited America to a rapturous reception. So "royal fever" is not new.

But as we know, Edward VIII went on to cast off his throne in order to marry an American woman. All loyal subjects of the Queen during the past week were relieved that Prince Charles was already married. Edward VIII abdicated in November 1936, and that Christmas I and my school friends went caroling round London: "Hark! the herald angels sing,/Mrs. Simpson's pinched our King." We would not like it to happen again.

HENRY FAIRLIE

Real progress in Northern Ireland.

THE OTHER SUMMIT

THIS WEEK, while the world watches the Reagan-Gorbachev meeting in Geneva, another summit will take place in Europe, from which a more tangible accord is likely to emerge. There Prime Ministers Garret FitzGerald of Ireland and Margaret Thatcher of Great Britain will announce a new political arrangement for Northern Ireland. This agreement will establish for the first time an official Irish presence in the North, guaranteeing that the interests of the minority Catholic/nationalist community are protected; it will also ensure maintenance of the sovereign link with London so important to the Protestant/unionist majority. Nationalists move toward their traditional goal of Irish national cohesion; unionists are no less a part of Britain.

This finesse is crucial. For the object is not a final settlement that will endure forever, but development of a political environment in which Catholics and Protestants can live together in the present. Unlike previous schemes, it does not overpromise. Large questions about the ultimate status of the territory are not being discussed now. Only after the two Northern Irish traditions establish a basis for civilized coexistence can they determine whether that future lies with Britain or in Ireland or somewhere between. If both are persuaded their interests are protected by public institutions, then a united Ireland becomes both easier for Protestants to accept and less urgent for Catholics to demand.

The Anglo-Irish accord has been made possible by large gestures of accommodation on both sides. Mrs. Thatcher has weathered the inevitable charges of sellout from the right wing of her party, stayed at the table for a year, and agreed to a formal Irish presence in Ulster. The Irish have set aside their irredentism, though it is enshrined in the constitution, and have sought to assure Northern unionists that they have no desire to bring them unwillingly into a united Ireland. Nevertheless, anxieties on both sides remain high, in part because the details of the agreement remain unknown.

From the time the six counties in northeast Ireland were set apart in 1921 as the unresolved middle ground between newly independent Ireland and retreating imperial England, it has been a land of two nations in which each feels itself a minority besieged by the other. The unionists, who insisted the province remain part of the United Kingdom, fear their culture could not survive in a united Ireland, where their million would be a mere fifth of the population. Fearful that London will one day abandon them, they see nationalists in their midst as a fifth column, plotting with Dublin to overwhelm them with Romanism. The 600,000 nationalists in Ulster feel isolated from the larger Irish nation and at the mercy of unfriendly neighbors. Since

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partition, they have mostly been confined to second-class citizenship.

In 1972, while prime minister of Ireland, Jack Lynch wrote in *Foreign Affairs* that familiar parliamentary democracy, where the government of the day rules essentially without regard for the minority in the legislature, has failed Northern Ireland. "At Westminster such a system works well," wrote Lynch,

> because power changes hands at intervals as one party or the other gains a majority at the polls. But Northern Ireland had been so constituted as to ensure that there was a permanent Unionist majority in the area.
>
> Such a system—which became in practice permanent one-party government . . . not subject to effective restraint on behalf of the minority community—could increase but not ease the division and bitterness between the communities.

And so it did. Since America began to dismantle segregation a generation ago, few places have illustrated as vividly the maxim that majority rule without minority rights does not a real democracy make. Unionists have exploited their numbers in free and fair elections, and declined to accommodate minority interests. Though the British have begun (only just begun) to address the injustices, the legacy of discrimination remains: unemployment in Northern Ireland is close to 22 percent, yet in Catholic areas it runs as high as 37 percent. The judiciary remains an issue: police, judges, and juries are disproportionately Protestant. Respect for law erodes. The tinder around the social contract is always very dry.

THAT TINDER was kindled in 1969, when a newly assertive Catholic community leadership of schoolteachers and trade unionists took to the streets in a civil rights campaign inspired by Martin Luther King Jr. and the American model. Though strictly peaceful itself, the movement set off a vicious reaction of escalating confrontation and violence that peaked in 1972, when 474 persons were killed, and has not subsided since. The British army, which came in to protect Catholic neighborhoods, has stayed to torment and antagonize. The Irish Republican Army is much revived by 16 years of street fighting, and is responsible for more murders (of Catholics as well as Protestants) than any other group. Protestant paramilitaries of various affiliations, less disciplined but more numerous and better armed, strive mightily to keep pace. In 1972 the British Cabinet abolished the provincial government that for half a century ruled Ulster with great autonomy and little foresight, and London now runs it directly, through a Cabinet minister.

Numerous schemes since to recreate local government have failed because either or both communities have found too much given away to the other side. The 1974 Sunningdale agreement created a power-sharing coalition; unionists destroyed it by launching a massive workers' strike. In 1982 the principal Thatcher administration initiative—an assembly to which regional autonomy was to be handed back in stages—was stillborn. None of the nationalists elected would take their seats; they had not been consulted about its creation and found insufficient minority protections.

FOR Garret FitzGerald, however, the failure of the assembly confirmed his belief that a breakthrough in the North required a broadening of the stage. The parties themselves were too passionately engaged to overcome their parochialism. In late 1982 he began the process to achieve a diplomatic breakthrough.

Born of a Catholic father and Protestant mother, FitzGerald has never believed that religious distinction need necessarily mean political division. First elected to Parliament in 1969 when the troubles erupted, he was long an advocate of Irish membership in the European community. Irish journalist James Downey wrote about him two years ago: "He more than anyone had always viewed Common Market membership as a means of getting out from under the British shadow, and even as an instrument which perhaps, in time, might help solve the 'national question.' " In 1973 Ireland joined the EEC, and FitzGerald's Fine Gael party returned to office. As foreign minister, he began to test his thesis that "internationalization" would bring gentle but continuing pressure on London to deal with Dublin. Willy Brandt and Georges Pompidou would occasionally remind the British they were keeping an eye on Northern Ireland, and through a small but adept corps of diplomats in Washington FitzGerald built strong ties to senior members of Congress. In 1981 they organized the "Friends of Ireland," a loose caucus that has urged Britain to be responsive to Irish overtures on the North. Also that year, FitzGerald became prime minister, and found in the White House a president who was proud of his Irish heritage—and a man with great personal and political influence on Mrs. Thatcher.

In 1982 events suggested the time was right to tackle the unrest in Northern Ireland. Concern about the Provisional Irish Republican Army was rising. The Provos had capitalized on the sympathy that came their way after ten IRA inmates starved themselves to death in protest against British prison administration. With the slogan "an Armalite in one hand, a ballot in the other," the Provos had entered Northern elections for the first time. In the 1982 assembly voting, they had won ten percent. Though the danger the IRA poses to the stability of the Republic is remote, in Dublin they do not indulge in the romantic fantasies about the Provos that animate many Irish abroad; they know the goals of the IRA include the destruction of the Irish government. They also know that the small but incendiary IRA, like the tinier Irish National Liberation Army, is nurtured by the civil strife in the North.

In June 1983, Mrs. Thatcher was reelected with the largest parliamentary majority in modern British history. If ever there was a government in London with a secure political position, this was it. The IRA vote in Ulster had risen to 14 percent in that election. There was growing

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recognition that political progress in the North was needed to restore faith in democracy.

In the spring of 1983, FitzGerald convened the New Ireland Forum, bringing together his governing coalition with the opposition and the principal nationalist party in the North, the Social Democratic and Labor Party led by John Hume. The purpose was to develop proposals to present to the British as the consensus Irish nationalist view on Ulster. The Forum's final report emphasizes the need to accommodate the unionists. Irish leaders know that to compel unionists to live as a minority in a united Ireland as nationalists have lived in the North would simply enlarge the problem and reverse the roles. And in neither the Republic nor the Catholic community in Ulster is there a clear political mandate for reunification. Polls indicate that 55 percent of the public in the south supports reunification. In Ulster a poll last May showed that only 47 percent of Catholics desired Irish unity; 34 percent wanted to stay with the United Kingdom.

A compromise therefore was proposed to the British: essentially joint sovereignty in the North. Would they agree to talk further? Mrs. Thatcher accepted the Irish invitation, though not the specific proposals, and a summit was held in November 1984. The British went ahead despite the horrific bombing at Brighton that September, where Mrs. Thatcher herself narrowly escaped death at the hands of the IRA. Even so, the meeting was nearly a disaster. The prime ministers agreed that their governments would see if a joint approach to Northern Ireland was possible; moments later, on live television, when asked about the specific proposals in the Forum report, Mrs. Thatcher seemed to say that nothing the Irish had proposed was even remotely acceptable. To every question she replied, "That's out! . . . That's out! . . . That's out!"

FitzGerald was ridiculed by opponents at home, who said he had been a fool to negotiate with the Brits. Irish commentator Mary Holland noted that the episode "seemed a damaging political humiliation for an Irish leader at the hands of the ancient enemy." But FitzGerald went quietly back to work, and when Thatcher visited Ronald Reagan last December and January, she found the president curious and hopeful that the dialogue with Dublin would be revived. In February it was. By May the outlines of an agreement had been drawn. A final accord is now in hand that will include a reorganization of the security forces, reforms in the judiciary, and more vigorous enforcement of the laws against discrimination.

OF COURSE, those whose careers are tied to continuing stalemate, violence, and political squalor have already begun to squawk. The redoubtable Rev. Ian Paisley, militant unionism's answer to Lester Maddox, has begun warning of violent consequences if Mrs. Thatcher tries to lead Ulster "down the Dublin road." Irish papers report that weapons are being stockpiled. And the hard men out on the edges of the nationalist community will be just as quick to denounce and threaten and kill. Sinn Fein official Martin McGuinness, also widely believed to be the IRA's chief of staff, recently dismissed the entire Anglo-Irish process as merely another device to "enable Britain to refine its repression of republicans and its partition of Ireland."

Yet there is some evidence that this time the fanatics may find the regular people are not listening to them. The *Irish Times* reported recently that an early November unionist "resistance" march through Belfast, opposing any role for Dublin in Ulster, attracted considerably fewer people than expected.

Will there be an American role? The Irish and British both remember President Carter's July 1977 pledge of economic aid to accompany a settlement in the North—a commitment Reagan has indicated he considers still binding. Aid for Northern Ireland would likely fare well in Congress, and a U.S. contribution to a fund for reconstruction in Ulster will probably materialize. But the real work toward reconciliation in Northern Ireland must be done by the people who live there. John Hume, the Northern nationalist, suggested recently in Washington that Americans may "take for granted what your democracy has achieved. Perhaps because 'E Pluribus Unum' is written on the back of a cent, you undervalue the truth of that motto. Real unity is built on the acceptance of diversity."

A new effort to test that proposition in Northern Ireland is about to begin.

THOMAS O. MELIA

Thomas O. Melia is foreign affairs analyst for Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

Six questions for the Reagan Doctrine.

NEXT STOP, ANGOLA

THE next battlefield over the so-called Reagan Doctrine is the decade-old consensus that America should stay out of the civil war in Angola. Based on the belief that the United States should assist anti-Communist freedom fighters everywhere, elements within the Reagan administration and in Congress are urging that the U.S. supply as much as $200 million in aid to Jonas Savimbi's anti-Marxist guerrilla group, the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA). Indeed, advocates of the Reagan Doctrine assert that *not to support* UNITA is to signal diminished support for anti-Communist movements elsewhere.

How the wheel has turned. In the 1950s and 1960s, American foreign policymakers wondered how best to

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oppose wars of national liberation. Today they wonder which wars of national liberation the United States should support.

The Reagan Doctrine would have us answer: "all of them." The problem this doctrine addresses is a serious one. Since 1975 Communist or Marxist regimes have come to power in South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Angola, Mozambique, Ethiopia, South Yemen, Grenada, Nicaragua, Afghanistan, and Suriname. Proponents of the Reagan Doctrine aim to reverse the Soviet Union's gains—but not by deploying American forces. That would be strongly opposed by Congress and the country. (Grenada is the exception that proves that rule.) Rather, the doctrine calls for hoisting the Soviet Union on its own petard by providing support to resistance forces that have sprung up in Marxist-dominated Third World countries. These groups, it is believed, can mount a serious challenge to Soviet-supported regimes and help to shift the "global correlation of forces" in favor of the United States.

The Reagan Doctrine has surefire appeal to those frustrated by the decline in American power over the past four decades. But it is far from obvious that it will advance U.S. interests. The case of Angola demonstrates why the Reagan Doctrine may be less appealing in practice than in theory.

Opposition to the Reagan Doctrine should not be equated with the reflexive rejection of American military involvement abroad, which prevailed after the U.S. disengagement from Vietnam. If conservatives are overreacting to our debacle in Southeast Asia by encouraging anti-Communist insurgencies everywhere, liberals should not automatically oppose American military involvement anywhere. U.S. foreign policy will be best served by addressing some basic questions before deciding how to treat a Third World anti-Communist insurgency. These questions are not all equally important, nor do we need favorable answers to all of them in order to proceed. But at least in the case of Angola, the answers add up to a definite no.

FIRST, we need to ask: *What are the central policy objectives of the United States in the area in question?* Concerning Angola, our primary aims are to secure the withdrawal of the 30,000 Cuban troops, and the adoption of an internationally recognized settlement of the conflict in Namibia, where South Africa is using the presence of Cuban troops in Angola as an excuse to continue its illegal occupation. A troop withdrawal would reduce the East-West dimension of the conflict in southern Africa. A Namibian settlement would end one of the last vestiges of colonialism and a threat to stability in southern Africa.

Second, *What is the best way to achieve our objectives?* If Angola were unwilling to reduce or remove the Cuban troops, a case might be made for American support for UNITA. But the Luanda government has been relatively forthcoming on this issue. In return for South Africa's withdrawing its forces from Namibia and ending its support for Savimbi, Angola has expressed a willingness to remove two-thirds of the Cuban troops within three years and assure that none of those remaining is stationed within 1,000 miles of the South African border. If serious negotiations between Angola and South Africa on Namibia were resumed, it is entirely conceivable that Luanda would agree to an even greater and more rapid withdrawal of Cuban forces.

By providing support for Jonas Savimbi, the United States would simply increase Angola's dependence on the Cubans. Rather than allow UNITA to overthrow the Angolan government, Cuba would most likely dispatch more troops to Angola in order to shore up the Luanda regime. Reaching a Namibian settlement, not aiding UNITA, is thus the more promising path to securing the withdrawal of the Cubans. The roadblocks to such a withdrawal are to be found in Pretoria rather than Luanda. South Africa continues to occupy Namibia in defiance of international law. Its contemptuous rejection of Angola's proposal demonstrates that, for Pretoria, the Cuban troop presence is not its major concern.

Third, *How do our friends in the region view U.S. support for the insurgency?* South Africa and Zaire are the only countries in Africa that support UNITA. The others do not believe that the insurgency will contribute to a lasting peace. For the United States to support Savimbi in implicit alliance with South Africa would make us appear oblivious at best and complicit at worst in South Africa's efforts to destabilize its neighbors. It would also quickly wear out the welcome with which most of Africa greeted the sanctions President Reagan, under pressure from Congress, recently imposed against the apartheid regime.

Fourth, *How closely tied to the Soviet Union is the regime that the insurgency is challenging?* Obviously, our chances of having an even minimally cooperative relationship with Angola—on Namibia, trade, and other issues—depend on how tight the ties are between the Luanda regime and the Soviet bloc. Despite its dependence on Moscow and Havana under current circumstances, the current government does have an independent identity and some freedom of action. If, in the context of a Namibia settlement, it asked the Cubans to leave, there is every reason to believe they would do so.

Fifth, *What are the prospects that the insurgency will achieve its goals, with or without American aid?* The truth is that even with American aid, UNITA has little chance of overthrowing the MPLA regime. Moreover, in stimulating increased Soviet aid and an augmented Cuban presence, American assistance would lead to a new stalemate at a higher level of violence.

Sixth, *Would achievement of the insurgency's objectives result in a major improvement in the condition of the Angolan people?* Advocates of American intervention in Angola assert that a UNITA victory would bring a new birth of freedom. Yet Jonas Savimbi's background and beliefs belie the feverish attempts of his American backers to paint him as an African James Madison. He has described his own political philosophy as Marxist, with a preference for the Chinese system. So even if he were to triumph, the prospects for any genuine political pluralism are hardly encouraging.

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Indeed, beneath the veneer of Western ideologies is the reality of a tribal rivalry in which the Ovinbundu people led by UNITA are arrayed against the Luanda people represented by the MPLA.

A SIMILAR evaluation of ends and means can lead to a different conclusion in other countries where insurgents have taken up arms against Communist rule. But in any situation, the simple fact that insurgents are battling a Soviet-supported government is not a good enough reason to support them.

In Afghanistan, the central U.S. interests are to secure the withdrawal of the Soviet forces that invaded in December 1979, and to restore to the Afghan people the self-determination that the current puppet regime cannot provide. Because Moscow has yet to demonstrate the flexibility necessary for a negotiated settlement, the pressure to bargain seriously must be increased. The political and diplomatic leverage that has been applied, though helpful, has been insufficient to induce the Soviets to adopt a more forthcoming approach in U.N.-sponsored negotiations. Clearly, military pressure through aid to the *mujahadeen* is necessary to increase the costs the Soviet Union must bear for its occupation. Even if the Soviets choose to continue the struggle, however, it is essential that they be required to pay as high a price as possible, if only to discourage them from invading other countries in the future.

In Cambodia, Vietnam is willing to discuss only a negotiated settlement that legitimizes its occupation and the puppet regime it installed. And the morally discredited Khmer Rouge could very easily return to power in Phnom Penh in the event of a Vietnamese withdrawal without a third force to forestall it. Under those circumstances, it is appropriate for the United States to join China and our allies in Southeast Asia in providing support for the growing non-Communist resistance forces. The effect will be to raise the price that Hanoi and its Soviet backers have to pay, thus making a negotiated settlement more likely while helping to create a credible alternative to the Khmer Rouge if Vietnam finally agrees to withdraw. In the meantime, our ally Thailand is left more secure, since the Vietnamese, tied down in Cambodia, will find it more difficult to build a platform for expansion across the Thai-Cambodian border.

One problem with U.S. policy in Nicaragua is that the Reagan administration is disingenuous about its policy objectives. There's reason to suspect that the real goal is the overthrow of the Sandinista regime. If so, most credible analysts believe that even with American support the *contras* are unequal to that task.

Some argue, drawing analogies to Afghanistan and Cambodia, that support for the *contras* does serve our acknowledged goal of pressuring the Sandinistas to resolve their differences with other Central American countries. But unlike Afghanistan and Cambodia, where most of our friends support American assistance to the insurgents, most of the countries of Latin America are opposed to our support for the *contras*.

Furthermore, Nicaragua has already demonstrated flexibility about the Contadora peace process, including a willingness to send home Cuban military advisers, to prohibit the establishment of Soviet or Cuban bases, and to refrain from supporting insurgencies elsewhere in the region. The Sandinistas may in fact be willing to conclude a solid, verifiable agreement, in return for an agreement from the United States and our friends in Central America neither to invade Nicaragua nor to assist insurgencies against it.

Reagan Doctrine enthusiasts rarely make clear whether their objective is to promote democracy or to defeat communism. Obviously, the emergence of pluralism and democracy in Nicaragua would be desirable. But there is no guarantee that the triumph of the *contras*, who are commanded by former officers of Somoza's National Guard and who have been accused of serious human rights violations, would result in a more pluralistic political system. And if democracy is our principal objective in Nicaragua, why should we not support antigovernment forces in Chile, Haiti, and other repressive regimes? If the Reagan Doctrine is to become a rallying cry for those fighting for freedom—regardless of whether they oppose tyranny of the left or repression on the right—it will soon lead us into a military quagmire where we end up in a de facto state of war with dozens of dictatorial governments around the world.

If the goal is simple anticommunism, similar quandaries arise. If the United States should support existing anti-Communist insurgencies, why not promote the creation of resistance movements where none exist? If we should support insurgencies against countries that have gone Communist since 1975, why not countries that fell before then? We have relatively friendly relations with China and Yugoslavia, borne largely of a mutual distrust of Moscow. Should there ever be armed opposition to those governments, the Reagan Doctrine would dictate support.

Advocating material support for anti-Communist movements is downright dangerous when it comes to Eastern Europe. Over the years both peaceful and armed opposition movements have risen against orthodox Communist regimes. Yet for Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968, and Poland in 1981, American presidents adopted a basically hands-off policy. The reason was simple. However much the United States sympathized with the partisans of freedom, assisting their cause would have been perceived in Moscow as a direct challenge to Soviet security and might have brought the two superpowers to the brink of war for the sake of uncertain gains.

The high priests and acolytes of the far right may believe that global interventionism is the price of freedom. We can only hope that President Reagan is more pragmatic than the doctrine that bears his name.

STEPHEN J. SOLARZ

Stephen J. Solarz, Democrat of New York, is a senior member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

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'Out Of Touch': An Exchange

To the editors:
Jefferson Morley asserts that simply asking whether black leaders should play a role in foreign policy expresses a "racist . . . contempt for blacks" ("Who's 'Out of Touch'?" November 4). This will come as a surprise to Data Black, the prominent minority-owned research firm that first used this question in a 1979 poll of blacks; to the minority-owned survey firms that conducted our poll; and possibly to TNR, which has repeatedly criticized the Rev. Jesse Jackson for his "private diplomacy."

Mr. Morley also objects to a question on affirmative action for allegedly counterposing ability and "arbitrary" racial preference as the choices. In fact this question, taken directly from the Gallup Poll, calls for preferential treatment "to make up for past discrimination." The conflict between race-blind judgments and race-conscious remedies for past discrimination is at the heart of this debate.

Finally, Mr. Morley criticizes a question on South African disinvestment for favoring the anti-sanctions argument. This option was intended to express the aims of the Sullivan principles, since unrestricted corporate investment is not a serious policy option. Was this question biased? If so, it should have drawn a more "conservative" response than did the many other questions we took from Gallup, National Opinion Research Corporation, CBS, and other national polls. Yet the results were right in line with other responses from both the leaders and the national sample.

All polls are fair game for criticism about question wording. But Mr. Morley proceeds to personal attacks that are anything but fair. Based on his objections to these three questions, he calls the poll "Jim Crow" and its author an "offensive" and "manipulative" "racist" and right-wing "operative," who should be "publicly disowned" by the American Enterprise Institute (Linda Lichter has never been affiliated with AEI). His purpose, it is clear, is to stifle rather than stimulate debate. His bullying tone and ugly epithets can only debase legitimate inquiry into the needs and opinions of black Americans.

LINDA S. LICHTER
S. ROBERT LICHTER
Co-directors, Center for Media and Public Affairs
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Jefferson Morley characterizes Linda Lichter's poll of black Americans and black leaders, which appeared in the August/September 1985 *Public Opinion*, as "shoddy, disingenuous, and slightly ugly." Mr. Morley further suggests that the "white leaders of the American Enterprise Institute [publisher of *Public Opinion*] disown" Lichter. We resent Mr. Morley's racist language. And we have no intention of disavowing Dr. Lichter's work.

Dr. Lichter's work is part of a massive study of elite groups in our society. We have published seven other articles by her and her colleagues. The differences between elites and followers are an important and well-established area of survey inquiry, one that we and others will continue to explore.

More than anything else, one question in Lichter's poll leads Mr. Morley to denounce it: "Do you think it is appropriate or inappropriate for leaders of black groups in the United States to play a role in U.S. foreign policy?" According to Mr. Morley, this question takes Lichter stumbling across the line "from sloppiness into racism." He argues at length that by including the question Dr. Lichter becomes nothing more than a quiet and polite Louis Farrakhan. For shame!

To describe this question (or Dr. Lichter) as racist is wildly unfair and hysterical. It is also intellectually incompetent. This question was developed and used by Data Black (survey dates November 23, 1979, through January 2, 1980), a minority-owned national survey organization. . . . Not incidentally, Data Black got essentially the same response—overwhelming assent—as Lichter did. . . . What if pollsters had asked similar survey questions about Jewish leaders rather than black Americans? Mr. Morley asks. Well, reputable pollsters have asked precisely this question about Jews and other groups in America—something the editors of *Public Opinion* would have documented for Mr. Morley if he had only inquired. . . .

A second item criticized by Mr. Morley deals with affirmative action. It is exceedingly hard to frame questions adequately on a complex topic on which many respondents have ambivalent feelings: the quotas/preferential treatment/affirmative action area is a good case in point. But here as elsewhere Mr. Morley has no interest in temperate cautions or thoughtful analysis. Lichter's question was developed by survey researchers at Gallup and used most recently by Gallup in January 1984. . . .

The final question that Mr. Morley labels as shoddy and disingenuous relates to disinvestment in South Africa. Once again we insist that this question is reasonably framed. At the same time, we agree that Americans, black and white, have contrasting perspectives on this issue and that no one question can tap all of these satisfactorily. This is why we published a number of different questions on South Africa in the same issue of *Public Opinion*.

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET
BEN J. WATTENBERG
EVERETT LADD
KARLYN KEENE
VICTORIA SACKETT
The editors of Public Opinion
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Jefferson Morley lapses into hysteria in his attack on Linda Lichter. Lichter recently published the findings of an opinion poll conducted among black elected officials, leaders of major civil rights organizations, and the black rank and file. . . .

Morley thinks some of these findings are marred by subtle bias in the wording of the questions. He might be correct in the case of South African sanctions, and possibly regarding affirmative action. But on the other issues it is hard to see how such bias could arise, since respondents are simply asked whether they "favor or disfavor" the death penalty, prayer in the public schools, a ban on all abortions, etc. Moreover, no such possibility of bias arises when Lichter asks, "Do you think the black leaders you see on TV newscasts and read about in the newspapers are generally speaking for the majority of black people, or do you think they usually speak for only a minority of black people?" Of the rank-and-file blacks ques-

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tioned, 48 percent said they think these leaders speak for only a minority of blacks.

Morley never addresses himself to these differences in opinion, seeking to discredit all of the findings of this survey because one or two questions can be criticized. His obvious objective here is to salvage the credibility of those black leaders adept at converting the political leverage of the black masses into support for a dying left-liberal political agenda in which these masses themselves do not believe. That such an enterprise is profoundly antidemocratic seems not to bother him. Indeed, he argues nonsensically that to urge black leaders to heed the gap between themselves and their constituents is equivalent to urging them to accept what he regards as Lichter's racist assumptions.

But Morley's illogic reaches its nadir when he asserts that a way to bridge the racial chasm in this country is for AEI to denounce Lichter on the one hand while black leaders denounce Farrakhan on the other. While Lichter's transgression was to ask her black sample whether they thought it appropriate for black leaders to play a role in shaping American foreign policy (a question that many, myself included, think is inappropriate), Farrakhan preaches that whites are mutant human devils who will inevitably be defeated by blacks in a pending racial apocalypse. Morley's easy equation of these phenomena show that it is he who is "out of touch"—perhaps still reeling from last fall's election results. . . .

GLENN C. LOURY
Institute for Advanced Studies
Princeton, New Jersey

To the editors:
Now William Bradford Reynolds is citing poll data to show that black leaders are out of touch with black people. Every four years, the television networks poll delegates to the Republican National Convention. They invariably discover that Republican delegates are more conservative across a wide range of issues than the GOP rank and file. By Mr. Reynolds's argument, Republican Party leaders are clearly out of touch and should be discredited.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER
American Enterprise Institute
Washington, D.C.

Jefferson Morley responds:
The Lichter poll asked whether it was "appropriate" for black leaders to "play a role" in U.S. foreign policy. Lipset et al. declare that "reputable pollsters have asked precisely this question about Jews and other groups in America," adding they would have showed me these polls if I had asked. Thus reprimanded, I asked. I received 57 photocopied pages from a dozen polls going back as far as 1936 featuring many questions about whether Jews and other groups had "too much power." However, not a single question asked whether it was inappropriate for leaders of those groups to play a role in foreign policy—at all.

Perhaps the question itself is not racist (though the fact that a black-owned polling firm used it once is neither here nor there), but I stand by my contention that Lichter's use of it, and AEI's promotion of the result, reflect a racial double standard. TNR's objection to Jesse Jackson's private diplomacy is not that as a black leader he has no right to participate in foreign policy, but that he's wrong on the merits of the issue. This is just the sort of distinction that trips up Lichter in designing her polls. And—unlike Lichter—we ask questions about "private diplomacy" no matter who practices it. For example, we have scrutinized the "private diplomacy" of General John K. Singlaub and his neo-fascist associates in Latin America.

The humble assertion that this poll is just part of a study of various American elites is thoroughly disingenuous, given the publicity that has been courted for these particular results. Lichter has publicly claimed that she was "stunned" by her findings, somewhat contrary to her present posture that the whole exercise is old hat. In fact, the results of the other polls she mentions were quite different on several key questions.

I didn't accuse Lichter of being "nothing more than a quiet and polite Farrakhan." I made a rather complicated analogy, doused it liberally with qualifications and disclaimers, and suggested that AEI "dissociate" itself from Lichter, as black leaders are constantly demanded to "dissociate" themselves from Farrakhan. If this qualifies as beyond the pale, political dialogue is sure to grow even blander than it is today. As for irresponsibly flinging about the term "racist," Lipset et al. now call me "racist" for merely pointing out that the leaders of AEI are all white. We're even, to say the least.

My objection to the affirmative action question is that it set up a phony contrast. Do you want "minority preference" or do you think "ability should be the main consideration"? No one thinks ability shouldn't be "the main consideration." Supporters of affirmative action think minorities need help in overcoming barriers to their ability, and/or that small modifications of the ability standard are needed to make up for past injustice. A Gallup Poll conducted for the Joint Center for Political Studies last year found that 49 percent of blacks (compared to 23 percent in Lichter's poll) support racial preference plans.

The South Africa question was similarly shoddy, contrasting "forced" and unexplained disinvestment with investment "to help promote equality for black people." The Lichters defend this question on the grounds that the results were no more "conservative" than the results of other questions in their poll, a wonderfully unimpressive circular argument. A CBS poll taken the same time as Lichter's showed 35 percent of blacks opposed disinvestment, compared to Lichter's 74 percent.

Glenn Loury concedes my points about the questions on South Africa, affirmative action, and the right of black leaders to participate in foreign policy. But he accuses me of an "antidemocratic" purpose in criticizing the poll—an odd charge, since most of the black leaders who stand accused of being out of touch are elected public officials, many by huge majorities.

As William Schneider points out, polls always show that political leaders hold more extreme views than their constituents. But the "out of touchness" of President Reagan and friends does not attract the critical scrutiny (or outraged letters) of Loury, the Lichters, and Lipset et al. because they prefer the politics of these white and conservative leaders to the politics of those black and liberal leaders. Loury has eloquently defended his preference in TNR. Fine. But let us drop the silly pose that asking "Are black leaders out of touch?" is an exercise in disinterested social science. It is a selective effort to discredit a group of leaders for their political views. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Into the Night

Hans-Jürgen Syberberg, a true adventurer in film, presses on. After *Our Hitler* and *Parsifal*, which teemed with images and characters and devices and fantasies, he now presents *Die Nacht*, which is mostly set in one place and, through all its six hours, has one performer. Yet this new film is not a whit less adventurous than the earlier ones and, through different modes and stimuli, teems as plentifully.

Die Nacht
(Public Theater/Goethe House)

Die Nacht consists of a prologue and two sections, with an intermission between. After the prologue, of a half hour or so, the credits appear, a number of authors are listed, some album pages turn, and we move to the only setting used thereafter. Part two begins with a similar listing of authors, some album pages, and a return to that setting. (The prologue is in pale colors; the rest is in black and white.) From the authors whom he names, Syberberg has culled, touched up, and interwoven with some autobiographical material a skein of language intended to circumscribe the night of his title: the night of Western culture.

That he includes more than Europe is patent from the start. The prologue, spoken in a large rubble-strewn room in a battered Berlin building, is the speech of the American Indian chief Seattle when he signed a peace treaty with Washington in 1855. He envisions the end of his people and their ways, but warns the white man that, though they may disappear from view, their spirits will continue to inhabit the land. Syberberg dabs this speech with present-day references that ensure topicality and ensure that the words also apply to Europe. The speaker is the great German actress Edith Clever, clad in a simple dress, holding a dark, rough cloth about herself. Then come the credits. We move to a placeless place: a floor of gleaming black gravel, a white circle of light in the center and a small white cloth in that light, with a cloak of darkness surrounding all. In that light, acutely varied by the cinematographer, Xaver Schwarzenberger, Clever spends the next five-and-a-half hours—close to us or with the camera at differing distances and angles, statuesque or sinuous, her torso curved away from us into architectural form, her body self-caressed in recollections of Eros, her presence immediate, her presence godlike, as she speaks, intones, sings, mourns, and eulogizes through the medium of the text that Syberberg has prepared. As far as the film reveals, she is the sole survivor of a long, glorious, and atrocious history, and before she too disappears into the black around her, she offers a threnody.

The text, often accompanied by sections of *The Well-Tempered Clavier* in Sviatoslav Richter's hands, moves through literature, mostly German—Hölderlin and Goethe and Nietzsche, among others—but with minglings of other cultures translated into German. (Prospero's farewell to his art in German is transfixing.) The tone ranges from Wagner's crawling letter to Meyerbeer, begging for help, to his spewings to King Ludwig about "Jewry in Music"; from the sight of a child's toy in Clever's hand to her sublime speaking of a poem (Novalis?) in which humankind asks Jesus if his father is still alive and Jesus, his eyes streaming with tears, replies that we are all orphans now.

Courage is one hallmark of Syberberg's work. He wants to burst through order and plunge into the unknown, the possibly chaotic, there to forge a new order. Since he has done this differently in his last three films, no fixed criteria will help the viewer for Syberberg ventures. Sometimes in its long course *Die Nacht* escaped my powers of concentration. It doesn't aim at a relentless march to nakedness and nullity like *Acropolis*, the titanic Grotowski theater production, which was its own requiem. *Die Nacht*, six times as long, does not march and only fitfully exalts. Principally it remembers; and its memories wander and fondle and grieve. Certainly it has passages that repeat notes already heard. Certainly, too, it must vibrate more fully for someone familiar with German literature in German. But I can't believe that even such a person would find every moment tense. It is not an excuse but a facet of Syberberg's daring that, instead of shaping a drama, he has in effect enclosed a preserve, a park, of time, in which to linger and remember in the last remaining light. But one factor in this film sustained me through its length, and it was surely a part of Syberberg's design from the beginning. *Die Nacht* must have been conceived with the prospective collaboration of Edith Clever.

She is known in this country chiefly through *The Left-Handed Woman* (Handke), *The Marquise of O. . .* (Rohmer), and as Kundry in Syberberg's *Parsifal*, a role she mimed so in-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Macaroni. Relax. So the script is flimsy. Marcello Mastroianni and Jack Lemmon frisk engagingly as a Neapolitan and a rich American who haven't seen each other since 1946. See Naples and live. (Reviewed 11/18/85)

Shoah. The word is Hebrew for "holocaust." A nine-and-a-half-hour documentary, shown in two parts. Interviews, juxtaposed skillfully, with witnesses of the Final Solution—survivors, bystanders, German participants. *No footage that you have seen;* every moment was shot after 1976. Claude Lanzmann, the Frenchman who made the film—ten years' work in 14 countries—has contributed gravely, importantly, to history. (10/28/85)

28 Up. A British TV documentary about a widely varied group of 28-year-olds who were first filmed when seven, then at intervals since. Fascinating and unsentimentally cheering. (11/25/85)

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tensely that, although it was not her voice, it seemed to be. What is not known here is her theater career, mostly with the Schaubühne in West Berlin. I have never seen Clever on stage, but I know that she has played leading roles in Schiller (*Kabale und Liebe*), Goethe (*Tasso*), Middleton and Rowley (*The Changeling*), Ibsen (*Peer Gynt*), Aeschylus (*The Oresteia*), as well as in Gorky, Brecht, and Botho Strauss. In 1983 she played Gertrude in *Hamlet*. I cite all these because they are quite clearly the sources of her endowment, the simple majesty with which she makes her very first movement, utters her very first word in *Die Nacht*. I know of no better actor in the world than Clever, and few are her peers. But this film is not a display vehicle, a "one-woman show." She is wondrously unified with what is happening. Clever's art is *in itself* as much a manifestation of the culture that *Die Nacht* embraces, as much both a triumph and a profound grief, as any of the words.

I had known that *Die Nacht* had been performed a few times in a small Paris theater in 1984, and in conversation with Syberberg and Clever a few days after I saw the film, I asked if it had been planned as a theater piece, then filmed. No, said Syberberg, it had been planned as a film, but when this Paris theater was offered, they accepted. The stage setting was much like that of most of the film; French subtitles were projected on the dark wall above and behind. It was done in two evenings—three-and-a-half hours, then two-and-a-half hours—each evening without intermission. "And," said Syberberg with a proud glance at Clever, "although there was a prompter there, she never needed him, she never faltered." I said that I supposed the stage darkened from time to time, the way the film goes to black and then resumes at a different angle. "No," said Syberberg, "the pauses in the film are only because the film runs out in a camera magazine."

That Paris engagement was Syberberg's first theater work. It underscored for me that, volitionally or not, he is further exploring what I called in my *Parsifal* review the "theater of film." Two passages in *Die Nacht* especially mark this—two Wagnerian excerpts, one from Isolde's *Liebestod*, the other from Brünnhilde's Immolation Scene. We hear a full orchestra playing, and Clever sings. She has nothing like an operatic voice: she merely sings pleas-

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antly (though Syberberg told me that a Wagnerian conductor was struck by the accuracy of her entrances and tempi and phrasing). The point is that, with her modest singing voice, she acts those excerpts in a manner that illuminates them as never before. Wagner asked the impossible: wonderful singing and wonderful acting. A major Wagnerian production gives you the first, plus passable acting. Clever, who could not possibly do the first, supplies what is always missing from the second. I suddenly wanted to see a Wagnerian "theater of film" in which Clever could give us, in this manner, the missing element to add to our memory of musically great Isoldes.

All this is to emphasize that, for me, Syberberg is seeking new empowerments for the arts he inherited in the art he practices. What persists after this long filmic threnody is that his search, joined with Clever's, is a valid, austere hope for the rebirth of the culture he is mourning.

Sponsored by Lufthansa, Syberberg and Clever had traveled to Chicago with the film for a few showings, then to Montreal, then to New York, where there were four showings at the Public Theater. At each showing, they appeared and spoke briefly. No regular theater showings are in prospect. But more New York showings are promised, somehow or other, early next year. I plan to see it again.

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

The Trashing of Minimalism

"Meister Eckhardt and Quackie" is the rather whimsical title John Adams gives to the last movement of his newest composition—"Harmonielehre"—which I heard at the Contemporary Music Festival at Tanglewood last summer and which has just been released on a Nonesuch recording (9 79115-1 F). "Quackie" is Mr. Adams's baby daughter; Meister Eckhardt the renowned medieval mystic; and Mr. Adams the newest sensation on the contemporary music scene. Five recordings of his music have been released in the last year—possibly a unique achievement for a living composer. He has been in residence at the San Francisco Symphony; his music is widely performed, widely cheered. And his vision? Well, the composer's explanatory note to this movement is revealing: "Quackie, who is still too young to walk, rides upon Meister Eckhardt's shoulders as they glide among the heavenly bodies. Quackie whispers the secret of grace into Meister Eckhardt's ear."

Musically, it turns out, the secret of grace is a syrupy melody played by the strings while winds and percussion repetitively tinkle in a tireless patter as if illustrating innocence with images of bewinged fairies. This vision of "heavenly bodies" glides to a percussive climax, full of fortissimo blasts, beating of drums, and vulgar brass exclamations—as mannered and tonal and familiar as the rest of the work. At Tanglewood, the audience was on its feet, ecstatic at the music's winning fantasy. But even if this music could give an authentic thrill, what had "Harmonielehre" to do with Eckhardt? Or with Schoenberg's masterful text on harmony? Very little. Eckhardt is mentioned just for the mystical connection, and as for Schoenberg: "I'm not trying to teach anyone harmony," the composer said in the program notes. "This is the culmination—so far—of my teaching myself about harmony."

But harmony is much beside the point. Mr. Adams, now 38 years old, has an M.A. from Harvard. His musical interests, soon after graduation, turned to Minimalism, that contemporary style which has less to do with harmony than with repetition and variation of simple rhythmic and melodic patterns. Unlike Steve Reich, with whom his music is often associated, Mr. Adams's ambition seems to have been to combine the Eastern meditative attentiveness apparently demanded by Minimalist music with the Western European notions of drama and narrative. The result has been seen by some as indicating the future of Minimalism: out of its roots in the 1960s counterculture, out of a fascination with pattern and meditation and ecstatic contemplation, would supposedly come works that would merge—dialectically, so to speak—with the great 19th-century tradition of high art.

Instead, Mr. Adams's unique combination of bad taste and bad faith has undermined both traditions. What he has succeeded in doing, curiously enough, is to at least temporarily unite their audiences. Contemporary music has generally not found a way into the hearts of listeners devoted to the 19th century. Minimalist music has found an audience, but it is, as has been made clear again and again, an audience whose aesthetic roots are in the 1960s. John Adams's sole accomplishment is to join the Minimalist audience with the mainstream, offering condescendingly accessible works that speak to both.

Eagerness for just such a reunion of audiences must lie behind the exaggerated acclaim that has welcomed Mr. Adams, for there are few other ways to account for it. "Shaker Loops" (1978)—recorded in its orchestral version by Edo de Waart leading the San Francisco Symphony (Philips 412214-1)—is meant, for example, to be a punning invocation of both the devotion of the Shakers and the shaking of trills, the loops of taped repetitions and the loops of return to origins. Its traditionally Minimalist repetitions are mixed with almost treacly harmonic gestures. It can even seem parodistic; the interest is not in subtle shifts of phase, as in Mr. Reich's music, or in insistent lyricism, as in Philip Glass's work, but in invocations of various musical manners—Romantic melody, Oriental devotion, Mahleresque climax. What is aimed for here is Effect, and all stops are pulled to get it; what is achieved is so unprincipled that the result can seem, despite his intentions, a form of aesthetic nihilism. But "Grand Pianola Music" (1982)—recorded by Ransom Wilson conducting Solisti New York (EMI/Angel DS-37345)—is apparently meant to be that meaningless. There are two pianos playing slightly out of phase to give a hint of pianola sound. There is wind music Nelson Riddle might have used, singers chanting "Nah, Nah, Nah," piano patter up and down the keyboards, and a final movement that, far from being humorous, becomes grotesque—a tonal "Romantic" melody breaking through the patter like a

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kitschy anthem, all in the cause of great applause.

It would be tempting, given the mixture of parody and seriousness, of kitsch and sentiment, to call this music a variety of postmodern Camp, but that would be giving it too clear an intention. Mr. Adams is very sincere. How else account for the pious endless patter of "Light Over Water" (1983) (New Albion 005), a "Symphony for Brass and Synthesizers," originally written as accompaniment for Lucinda Childs's choreography? And in "Harmonium" (1981)—recorded on ECM 25012-1—Mr. Adams goes so far as to set poems by John Donne and Emily Dickinson, which indicate, like his other programmatic intentions, hardly a moment's thought beyond the most elementary. The Donne poem, "Negative Love," is exquisitely paradoxical, an attempt to define something by its inverse image; the setting ploddingly moves from climax to climax, the text unaffected and unilluminated by the Minimal gestures. Similarly, the climactic cymbal crash in the first movement of "Harmonielehre" suggests more a coming scream and fall of a body, à la Hitchcock, than the resolution of a musical drama concisely and appropriately worked out; it is effect, pure and simple, ineffective without context.

MR. ADAMS is not without talent. It can be heard in those quiet, meditative, atmospheric moments that appear, here and there, even in his latest opus, when all drive for drama has ceased and the composer is content; no bad ideas are heard, because no ideas are heard. But elsewhere the music monotonously repeats the same pattern, one that would not be inappropriately called the "choo-choo" gesture: it imitates the approach of a rather large freight train over the tracks, building to a weighty climax of rumbling cars and finally receding in the distance, leaving some relief in its wake. A roller coaster might also be an appropriate image. Mr. Adams is the Steven Spielberg of Minimalism. One wonders what he will do with his next project, a full-length opera called *Nixon in China*.

I think, though, that Mr. Adams is important far beyond his achievements: he marks, in a peculiar way, the end of Minimalism. That musical style has served its function and its audience. Not without its felicitous achievements, it has given the funda-

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mentally anti-intellectual counterculture a system for "serious" music; it has refocused attention on music as a creator of a "state of consciousness" in the listener; it has made simple demands on the listener and repaid him with simple pleasures. Philip Glass's "Satyagraha" and Steve Reich's early works were its apotheoses. Mr. Adams marks its demise.

What Mr. Adams has done is to use Minimalism as just a tool in his grab bag of clichés, a cover for an absence of thought, a gesture toward the avant-garde in music that is fundamentally directionless. The Minimal style hasn't even enough power to stay vital, scarcely a generation after it came into being. It started with Terry Riley, Mr. Reich, and Mr. Glass, attending to the realm of the spirit; it ends with Mr. Adams's Quackie alternately whispering and shouting presumed revelations into our ears.

MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS

Nomenklatura: The Soviet Ruling Class
by Michael Voslensky
translated by Eric Mosbacher

(Doubleday, 455 pp., $19.95)

The aim of this brilliant and original book is to examine the Soviet ruling class from a number of angles—historical, political, social, and economic—and to provide the Western world with a penetrating picture of what sort of regime confronts it. Voslensky's method is to interweave his insider's experience of over 30 years in the Soviet Union with research he has done since settling in West Germany. Thus he offers vivid portraits of people he knew; analyzes the foreign policy views and decision-making process of the ruling class (or "nomenklatura"), as well as its elaborate system of privileges and corruption; and suggests his own theoretical conclusions. Voslensky's discriminating views emerge from his ambitious study with three-dimensional clarity.

Voslensky's book develops the critique of communist regimes initiated in *The New Class* by the Yugoslav Milovan Djilas (who contributes an admiring preface to *Nomenklatura*). In this tradition, Voslensky regularly quotes from Marx and Lenin to support his view that the nomenklatura has long since betrayed their ideals; in proclaiming that it has built "real socialism," the nomenklatura practices hypocrisy on a massive scale. As with Djilas, however, Voslensky's quotations from Holy Writ do not mean that he is still a communist.

He sums up his views on the Soviet system in this way:

> The nomenklatura is a class of privileged exploiters. It acquired wealth from power, not power from wealth. . . . [It] has some positive achievements to its credit, but it is becoming more and more parasitic. Its contribution to society is nil, and its stubborn desire for world domination involves the grave danger of world war.

This danger can be avoided, however, if the West studies the Soviet elite more carefully and then pursues "a determined, unblinkered and fearless policy of peace and security."

Michael Voslensky began his career in 1946 at the Nuremberg trials of Nazi war criminals, where he served as interpreter for the Soviet delegation. Later he headed a department in the World Peace Council, was executive secretary of the Disarmament Commission of the Academy of Sciences (taking part in the Pugwash movement), and sat on the board of the party's Academy of Social Science. In addition he held posts in other academic institutions, and most important of all, for two decades he was in close working contact with the Party Central Committee. In 1977 the Supreme Soviet deprived him of his citizenship, because of his independent conduct during an extended visit to Germany for research and lecturing. Since then he has moved in the top circles of the German Social Democratic Party. Currently he directs the Institute for Contemporary Soviet Research in Munich, and edits the journal *Ostblick* (*East View*).

Unfortunately, Voslensky's landmark book has been ill-served by its publisher. Eric Mosbacher has translated the German translation of the original Russian, and is not familiar with Soviet political terminology. The inevitable result, though perfectly readable, is a book peppered with misspellings, misnamings, and lost shades of meaning. (The index, too, is thoroughly inadequate.) The translations in this review are in part my own.

THE nomenklatura takes its name from the secret system by which the party controls appointments to all political, administrative, and other jobs that it deems politically sensitive. No army general, for example, or factory director, or hospital head, or intelligence officer can be appointed by the relevant ministry until the party has gone through a long process of choosing the right candidate, and then "recommending" him in writing to the formal appointing body. The same method applies for party posts.

These recommendations (in fact these orders) are so secret that they must never be referred to in public. The furtiveness is easy to explain, for this is the process that governs admission to, and promotion within, a ruling class that in theory does not and cannot exist. The party is slow in deciding on the recommendations because, as Voslensky puts it, "responsibility is spread so widely that in the last resort everyone, i.e., no one, is responsible."

Voslensky estimates the size of the nomenklatura at about 750,000. If families are included, this figure becomes three million, or slightly more than one percent of the population. The 100,000 members of its higher level are the officials who run all the important bodies of party and state in Moscow and the provinces. The nomenklatura is therefore not to be confused with the party: it accounts for less than five percent of the party's 18 million members.

Voslensky's most novel argument is that in the Brezhnev era the nomenklatura's practice of spreading responsibility for decision-making very widely extended to the one level of the party where, under Stalin and even Khrushchev, it was not much in evidence—namely, the top. He suggests that the two ruling bodies, the Central Committee's Politburo and Secretariat, which are closely interlocked, have now be-

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come a genuine executive committee of the nomenklatura class. It responds rather sensitively to the vested interests and currents of opinion within that class. Indeed, hostility toward the nomenklatura among the other 95 percent of the party—the second-class members—has been rising as the elite becomes increasingly rigid and exclusive. The outsiders have grown more cynical and even defeatist in outlook, and some of them actually rejoice at nomenklatura setbacks.

Nor should the nomenklatura be perceived as it likes to be perceived—as a civil service. Since its business is power, it has no uniform system of grades and promotion. Members' fortunes depend mainly on the ebb and flow of the power struggle: on how adept one is at maneuvering, and above all on whether one is a longtime supporter—directly or, through a higher-placed intermediary, indirectly—of a currently successful leader at the top.

No, the nomenklatura is best described as a ruling class, Voslensky maintains. Its boundaries are neatly defined by the appointments system from which it takes its name. Admittedly its members do not as individuals own the means of production, but collectively they own the whole economy, which amounts to much the same thing. Moreover, as membership has increasingly become hereditary, status as well as money are now conferred, almost automatically, on children. This in turn gives offspring the important class attribute of personal security, not necessarily in a position of political power but—the key point—within the nomenklatura. As Voslensky shows, nomenklaturists can (and often do) commit numerous crimes over many years, with little or no risk. The worst that can befall them in normal times is to be pensioned off to a comfortable retirement amid a measure of public disgrace.

ONE OF the most original features of Voslensky's book is his detailed and systematic description of the nomenklatura's finely graded and carefully concealed system of privileges. With a wealth of examples he demonstrates how a member of a nomenklatura family "can spend his life, from the cradle to the grave, working, resting, eating, shopping, traveling, talking, or being ill, without ever coming into contact with the Soviet people, whom he is supposed to be serving."

The life-style of the higher-level politicians is even more sumptuous, with generous salaries, extra earnings, and free holidays; additional income from bribery; and special schools and colleges for their children. Voslensky also evokes the social atmosphere. This new, déclassé class feels contempt for its own working-class origins and despises physical labor. Even to garden or drive one's own car is "not good form." On the other hand, "it *is* good form to be openly anti-Semitic." And it is wise to use a country house belonging to the state, because to buy one's own in a separate location would provoke a suspicion of freethinking.

By comparison with all this, Voslensky analyzes at length the exploitation and poverty of the lower orders. Here his account is inevitably less personal, but by chance it neatly complements Kevin Klose's description of working-class life in his outstanding *Russia and the Russians*, and it accounts for the nomenklatura's fundamental insecurity, as Voslensky explains:

> The essential feature of capitalist society is not privilege, but money; in real socialist society it is not money, but privilege. This makes the nomenklatura both arrogant and nervous, for it is aware of the reactions that the constant growth of its privileges rouse in the population. The nomenklaturists are beginning to feel anxious.

As for corruption, Voslensky's most vivid episode concerns the head of state of the Uzbek Republic, Mrs. Yadgar Nasriddinova. He met her in 1967 when escorting some eminent German visitors around the country for the Soviet Peace Committee. First she solicited his compliments for the carefully calculated act she had just put on for the Germans. Then she announced cheerfully that she must be off to a meeting "to decide who's going to be executed and who pardoned." Voslensky only learned later that part of her enjoyment of this work stemmed from her standing charge of 100,000 rubles per pardon. When he next met her, she had become chair of the lower house of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow.

In addition to corruption and privilege, the nomenklatura is hampered by its continuing failure to devise a system for the smooth transition of power, as well as by deadlocks over policy. The succession problem is endemic, Vos-

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lensky believes, owing to the Mafia-like nature of the power struggle. But it also poses the danger of the KGB and the military's being increasingly sucked into politics. Behind the scenes, Voslensky shows how dirty tricks departments, notably the KGB's, were set in motion by contenders in the struggle before Brezhnev's death; the key tactic was leaking compromising stories to the Western press.

Meanwhile, even between succession crises, policy-making is often stalled by fractiousness. Serious conflict over policy cannot be resolved by strong leadership, Voslensky insists, for two main reasons. First, the leaders would risk too much, personally, in going out on a limb. And second, since the main business of the nomenklatura is maximizing its power, it is impermissible to cause disunity and thus a reduction in power.

This last principle, which Voslensky repeatedly stresses, distinguishes him in one respect from Djilas. Whereas Djilas sees the Soviet system as a form of industrial feudalism, Voslensky argues effectively that maximizing power is a higher priority for the nomenklatura than maximizing production. This fact helps to explain the sluggishness of the Soviet economy in recent years. To give production top priority would mean constant innovation and change, processes that inevitably lead to conflict, to disruption, and at least to a potential lessening of power. Since this cannot be tolerated, the leadership in fact repeatedly connives in the quiet failure to fulfill its own demagogically overambitious goals for the economy.

All this has the unhealthy side effect of reinforcing the nomenklatura's ambition for world hegemony. Dependent on maintaining an unproductive economic system, the nomenklatura, Voslensky explains, "therefore aims at external expansion, the establishment of its rule over foreign countries, and the exploitation of their wealth."

IN HIS most brilliantly argued chapter, which analyzes Soviet foreign policy, and which should be compulsory reading for all international statesmen who are not communists (the latter would quickly if ruefully recognize the truth they try so hard to conceal), Voslensky writes:

> When I search my memory of the many years I spent living and working in the Soviet Union, I can find nothing whatever to cause me to doubt the seriousness of nomenklatura aspirations to world hegemony. On the contrary, the whole mentality of the nomenklaturists, their talk, their behavior, and their ideas, are evidence of those intentions, which to them seem perfectly natural.

World hegemony does not mean world conquest. It means the coming to power in ever more countries of governments closely aligned with Moscow. Voslensky discusses Soviet geopolitical aspirations from various angles, noting that the nomenklatura always retreats when it meets or anticipates determined resistance. He analyzes the historical roots of the hegemonic ambition, starting with the expansionism of Peter the Great and tracing the spread of communist regimes up to the present day. Among the abundant evidence Voslensky quotes to support his view, the most authoritative is the Communist Party Program adopted in 1961. This states bluntly: "Socialism will inevitably succeed capitalism everywhere. . . . Our epoch is . . . an epoch of the transition of more and more peoples to the socialist path, of the triumph of socialism and communism on a worldwide scale."

A key part of the nomenklatura's mentality is its knowledge that it is able to contain the Soviet population "only by perpetual intimidation." It is terrified of the day when this method might fail. As Voslensky puts it:

> Because the mere existence of a free and affluent West shows its subjects that the capitalist system, with all its faults, provides better conditions of life, the nomenklatura believes that day might come. As this has nothing to do with any provocative attitude on the part of the West, but is a consequence of its mere existence, no amount of détente or "good conduct" on its part will cause the Soviet leaders to . . . abandon their objective of destroying the Western system. . . . Coexistence, whether peaceful or not, can only take the form of conflict.

Voslensky shows that "peaceful coexistence"—a favorite Soviet phrase used again by Mr. Gorbachev in his recent interview with *Time* magazine—is a deceptive term designed to lull the West into a false sense of security. Within the Soviet Union, the continuing imperative to spread communism remains a rallying cry, if less overtly expressed than in Stalin's day. The Party Program calls peaceful coexistence "a specific form of class struggle in the international arena," and when Voslensky, in 1973-75, prior to his defection, wrote some articles for West German academic journals, giving an accurate exposition of just how it is defined and interpreted inside the USSR, he incurred severe censure from Moscow.

I WOULD not myself assert that if one asked a hundred Soviet officials for a frank and direct answer to the question, "Do you believe the USSR will eventually achieve world hegemony?" every one of them would unequivocally say "yes." What I do believe, with Voslensky, is that the aspiration to such hegemony is a deeply seated, unchallenged, and so far unchallengeable, ideological assumption, which is built into the political training of every Soviet official, and into the operational ethos of every Soviet institution even remotely concerned with foreign affairs.

The aspiration is hidden as much as possible from the West, so as to lull it—and with considerable success. Gromyko was not exaggerating too much when, as Arkady Shevchenko reports in his recently published memoirs, he identified the greatest single weakness of American foreign policy as the fact that "they don't comprehend our final goals"; and he was simply acting in the nomenklatura's interests when he in-

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structed his subordinates to *pretend* to foreigners that they do not take such goals seriously.

Finally, Voslensky stresses that he is not an advocate of the cold war: "I am merely stating what the nomenklatura tirelessly repeats." And provided the West firmly rejects appeasement, he is also far from alarmist regarding the danger of a real war: the Kremlin fears one too much. This is the passage that reduces his subtle argumentation to its essentials:

> The nomenklatura does not want war. It wants victory. Its aim is to win the struggle between the two systems without a war, by frightening the West with its apparent determination to fight, and by instilling in Western people the belief that "it's better to be red than dead." In pursuing this aim the nomenklatura carefully creates the impression that it is ready to attack those who oppose its will, therefore "political realism" requires obedience to the nomenklatura. All these threats are the purest bluff. . . . The nomenklatura attacks only the weak.

If the West could digest Voslensky's argument, and act accordingly, the threat from the USSR would be seen in better focus. Continuous tension and conflict are inevitable, but Armageddon is not.

PETER REDDAWAY

Peter Reddaway is a senior lecturer in political science at the London School of Economics. His most recent book, written with Sidney Bloch, is *Soviet Psychiatric Abuse: The Shadow Over World Psychiatry* (Westview Press).

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WHO'S PAPA?

Along with Youth: Hemingway, the Early Years by Peter Griffin

(Oxford University Press, 258 pp., $17.95)

Hemingway: A Biography by Jeffrey Meyers

(Harper & Row, 644 pp., $27.50)

It is not easy to locate Hemingway on the literary landscape these days. Jeffrey Meyers, near the end of his heftily informed biography, holds that Hemingway "is now recognized as the most important American novelist of the twentieth century," though since the claim follows hard upon the assertion that Dreiser, Lewis, Anderson, Wolfe, Dos Passos, and Steinbeck are no longer much respected or even read, it would seem to carry its own question mark. In any case, Faulkner would probably be given the laurel by most critics. Hemingway's reputation plummeted in the years after his death in 1961. He died, one has to say, at exactly the wrong time: the age was demanding anything but Hemingway's kind of flailing virility and literary posturing, or volumes of stories called *Men Without Women*. Malcolm Cowley, himself a longtime Papa-watcher, commented wryly a while back that Hemingway's valid output was reduced by critics, after his death, to two novels and a dozen stories; then to one novel and eight or ten stories; and then to a handful of stories.

As of the mid-1980s, however, almost all of Hemingway is in print: novels, stories, *Death in the Afternoon* and other fictional nonfictions, even a book of his poems. (The main exceptions—though the evidence is exasperatingly inadequate—seem to be a 300-page unpublished novel called *A New-Slain Knight*, which Peter Griffin quotes from and dates variously from 1927 and 1928, and which Meyers does not mention; and an 800-page unpublished novel, *The Garden of Eden*, of 1946-47, by report a work of monumental ineptitude, cited but not actually seen by Meyers, not mentioned by Griffin.) There has never been any letup in memoirs and biographies: 17 of the former so far, by Meyers's reckoning, including those by

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his widow, his brother, two of his sisters, and one of his sons, plus Charles Fenton's investigation (1954) of the apprentice years. And added to the much earlier biographical studies by Carlos Baker and Philip Young, there are now life-chartings by Griffin and Meyers.

THEY could not be more dissimilar. *Along with Youth* carries the story only through Hemingway's marriage to Hadley Richardson in September 1921; in an epilogue, the couple are on the train to New York heading for the steamer to France. Two further volumes by Griffin are apparently projected. Meyers gives a full-scale account of the life from birth to suicide, sometimes telling us more than we need to know, or may have any taste for hearing about. Griffin's tone is intimate and friendly, with a kind of beguiling innocence or amateurishness, not devoid of sophistication as regards his hero's sexual initiations. Meyers is relatively detached and judicious; his narrative has an air of scholarly assurance, as befits the author of some 20 books, among them biographies of Katherine Mansfield and Wyndham Lewis and studies of George Orwell, T. E. Lawrence, and D. H. Lawrence.

There are few road signs in Griffin, and one can lose one's way. The narrative in this case rarely seems to know what is going to happen next, offering, as it were, the young Hemingway's-eye-view of things. Even paragraphs tend to stray from their starting points. By contrast, Meyers regularly summarizes and recapitulates, sometimes as though laying it out in a lecture to undergraduates. ("Hemingway tended to form four kinds of friendships. . . ." "There are four reasons why [*Across the River*] received an intensely hostile reception. . . .") He is also given to making lists, which he does admirably and relevantly: the unending series of accidents that befell Hemingway; the literary friends and precursors he turned against or denied; the disastrous endings to the lives of Hemingway's relatives and associates—one of his sisters, two of his sons, one of his inamoratas, and one of his memoirists were suicides, as were Hemingway's father and Hemingway himself.

Each of the biographies has something new to show or tell about Hemingway, if nothing truly to startle. Dealing as he does with only the first 22 years of Hemingway's life, Griffin can go into considerably greater detail than Meyers about the family life in Oak Park, Illinois, and on Bear Lake in northern Michigan. Hemingway's adventures as an ambulance driver on the Italian front in 1918 and as a convalescent in Milan are given a more colorful and animated rendering than hitherto. Adjusting the record a little, Griffin persuades us that Hemingway had a decidedly erotic affair in 1919 with Kate Smith, whom he had met as a summer visitor in Michigan. (She was later the wife of John Dos Passos and, like other former lovers, was vilified by Hemingway.) And Griffin leaves us with little doubt that the invalided Hemingway and Agnes Kurowsky—the American nurse who was in part the model for Catherine Barkley in *A Farewell to Arms*—bedded down together in Milan; that Hemingway really did hope and plan to marry her; and finally, what was of signal importance for the later career, that he was stricken to the core when Agnes announced her engagement to a Neapolitan duke. (The marriage never came off.)

GRIFFIN puts before us a series of short fictional workouts by Hemingway in 1919 and 1920, dug out of the Hemingway collection now in the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston. They involve assortments of violence, eccentricity, lovemaking, and standing tall. One of them, "Crossroads," consists of quick glimpses of half a dozen rural individuals in or just after some little moment of crisis, and it has, so to say, the promise of a promise. But as a cluster, the stories are of minimal interest, and serve mainly to make more arresting the progress reflected a few years later in the vignettes for the original or lowercase *in our time*. Of measurably greater value are the many letters from Hadley Richardson to Ernest—about 1,000 pages in all, as we gather—also found in the Kennedy Library and effectively deployed by Griffin to give the wayward courtship saga a palpable poignancy, as well as a sort of sexual vibrance: the best and richest portion of the book. In addition, Griffin has brightened the atmosphere of his tale by folkloristic anecdotes picked up in conversations with Jack Hemingway, the novelist's first-born son, who contributes an appreciative foreword; and Bill Horne, a lifelong friend whom Hemingway came to know in New York while waiting to be shipped overseas.

Jeffrey Meyers brings to bear a fairly massive amount of new source materials— for example, a thorough review of the intricately sordid incident in Kenya in 1909 on which Hemingway, who heard of it from his guide on a 1934 safari, based that superlative story "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Meyers also seems to enlarge the inventory of Hemingway's certified partners in sex, while confirming the fact that the relationship with Adriana Ivancich, the svelte original for Renata in *Across the River and into the Trees*, was purely Platonic. For the most part Meyers fleshes out, often substantially, matters that Carlos Baker told about more briefly. In a typical instance, Meyers draws on State Department archives and the like to describe Hemingway's forays into Nazi spy-hunting in Havana during the second war. He details the FBI's opposition to this half-serious and half-farcical enterprise, and explains Hemingway's enlistment of the help of the former Spanish Loyalist officer Gustavo Durán. (He also appends an account of the later career of the now-naturalized Durán, his splendid services with the United Nations, and his persecution by Senator McCarthy and other congressional witch-hunters.) Meyers's life story thus arrives at a certain completeness, but my personal sense is that Baker's biography, into which I have been dipping again, remains the more prehensile and authoritative.

AT THIS stage, we can usefully compare the versions offered by Griffin and by Meyers of what Malcolm Cowley has called the most important single event in Hemingway's life: his wounding by a mortar shell on July 8, 1918, at Fossalta di Piave in the Italian Veneto. Hemingway bicycled out to the frontline trenches near the Piave River on a warm moonlit evening, carrying cigarettes and chocolate, and crept forward to a listening post 150 yards away, manned by two Italian soldiers. Griffin's account continues:

> As Ernest and the two soldiers lay hunched against the rim of their hole, they heard across the river a "cough," then a "chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh," then a long descending roar. "Then there was a flash, as when a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in the rushing wind." Ernest "tried to breathe but my breath would not come and I felt myself

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rush bodily out of myself and out and out all the time bodily in the wind. I went out swiftly, all of myself, and I knew I was dead and that it had all been a mistake to think you just died. Then I floated and instead of going on I felt myself slide back. I breathed and I was back."

One of the two soldiers had his legs blown off and was dead. The other was badly wounded but alive; Ernest slung the man over his shoulder and staggered back toward the trenches. On the way, he was hit by machine-gun fire in his right foot and knee, but he made it to the trench before collapsing.

THERE appear to have been three Italian soldiers, not two; and by Hemingway's own testimony (to Cowley) the one Hemingway was carrying died before the command post was reached. But what is notable is that the heart of the experience, from "cough" and "chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh" through ". . . and I was back," is taken, not from Hemingway's letters or reminiscences, but from a work of fiction, *A Farewell to Arms*, of 1929. Hemingway's fictional writings are put to service on other occasions: Ernest's feelings about playing football in high school, and his reactions to wartime Paris, are borrowed intact from *The Torrents of Spring*. These sources are scrupulously acknowledged in the back; but the assumption that the novelistic wording of an experience can be accepted as strict historical fact is an exceedingly risky one. The American in *A Farewell to Arms* is a creature of the imagination called Frederick Henry; it is Henry and not "Ernest" who "tried to breathe" and so on. For sound aesthetic reasons, his terrible misadventure occurs in the summer of 1917, some months before the rain-swept retreat from Caporetto; and the quoted narrative language participates in and grows out of the larger thematic and imagistic patterns of one of the most poetically designed novels ever written.

Griffin is not engaged in a "critical" biography, and may perhaps be excused from observing niceties of distinction. Even so, the literary aspect of *Along with Youth* is oddly displaced. A 2,500-word letter of 1919, which shows Hemingway finding his personal voice and (in a clear anticipation of "Big Two-Hearted River") his characteristic assuagements for pain and loss, is simply inserted verbatim into the text without the hint of a comment. A literary sensibility enters the biography at points outside the narrative proper: in chapter titles—"Disorder and Early Sorrow," "A Boy's Will," "War is Kind"; in captions for photographs—"Ernest good-humoredly playing the role of a naive hobo (a role he would recreate for Nick Adams in 'The Battler')"; and in the prefatory remarks to the chapter-by-chapter list of notes in the back of the book. These begin as plain indications of sources, but by chapter eight they have become diagnostic: "Ernest Hemingway's unpublished 'Cross Roads' expresses the theme of this chapter . . . Ernest is indeed at the crossroads of his young life." By the epilogue, the remarks faintly and rather appealingly resemble the titles in silent movies: "They had made many plans during their nine-month marriage; they had many dreams. Now it was time, they felt, for Ernest to start his career."

MEYERS'S story of the wounding at Fossalta is based upon Red Cross archives in Rome, the Italian citation for Hemingway's Medaglia d'Argento al Valore, various memories, and Hemingway's letters to family and friends. The letters, Meyers observes, are full of "high-minded sentiment" that "provides a powerful contrast to the bitter disillusionment expressed in *A Farewell to Arms*." Meyers, who is more alert than other biographers to the religious aspect of Hemingway's imagination (though even he may slightly misconstrue it), stresses the presence in the field hospital at Fornaci of the Florentine priest, Don Giuseppe Bianchi, giving final unction to the fatally wounded, *Tenente* Hemingway mistakenly among them. This Tuscan figure goes unnoticed in Griffin's version; in Baker's, he is identified as "the little priest from Abruzzi." It is a nice and even proper mistake, since Don Giuseppe is of course the prototype for the young priest who plays so significant a role in *A Farewell to Arms*, and whose native Abruzzi, with its frozen roads and clear cold air, is the great good place within the novel's supple symbolic geography.

Like Malcolm Cowley, Meyers takes the Fossalta experience as a major turning point in Hemingway's life, something he returned to time and again in overt or surreptitious ways. We should linger over it, and its consequences, another moment or two. Cowley first advanced his view in his introduction to the 1944 *Portable Hemingway*, where he argued that, in good part as a long result of the wounding, Hemingway evolved into one of America's "haunted and nocturnal writers," in the line of Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville. He proposed "Big Two-Hearted River," the story Hemingway finished in the summer of 1924, as a resonant enactment of his thesis: Nick Adams, on a fishing trip in northern Michigan, seeks to exorcise certain unnamed memories and fears that atmosphere and landscape make one associate with the recent war. Cowley's judgment more or less prevailed over three decades. Philip Young's psycho-literary study of Hemingway (revised in 1966) is a brilliant elaboration of the theory. But in 1981 Kenneth S. Lynn, in a review of Hemingway's *Letters* for *Commentary*, ridiculed Cowley's interpretation of "Big Two-Hearted River" and declared the story to be in fact "a sun-drenched, Cézannesque picture of a predominantly happy fishing trip," which had nothing whatever to do with the war.

In an article this past year, Cowley, by quoting from a letter Hemingway wrote him in 1949, was able to demolish

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Lynn's opinion to a fare-thee-well rarely achieved in literary exchanges. "In the first war, I now see," Hemingway had written, "I was hurt very badly; in the body, mind and spirit; and also morally . . . Big Two-Hearted River is a story about a man who is home from the war . . . I was still hurt very badly in that story." But Lynn's critical attitude, however absurd, was only incidental to a larger intention: to insist that American literature in general is and has been sun-drenched and happy, and wholly free of the dark Russian morbidity attributed to it by Cowley and his fellows. We hear an echo of William Dean Howells (about whom Lynn wrote an estimable biography) and his allusion to the American writers' preference for "the smiling aspects of life." But Howells's formula is wrenched sideways by ideology, and woefully misapplied.

AN appraisal of Hemingway's literary accomplishment, and the tone and temper of it, cannot, humanly speaking, be dissociated from a verdict on the man, though many would suppose it ought to be. Griffin's youthful Hemingway is valorous, confusedly aspiring, and likable—a plunger into life. But the man who comes gradually into perspective in Meyers's presentation is, as Edmund Wilson said as early as 1939, "not only incredible but obnoxious," a performer who was Hemingway's own "worst-invented character." He ruptured relations with almost every one of his close literary friends and heaped abuse on them afterward. He insulted John Dos Passos about his Portuguese blood and accused Mrs. Dos Passos of stealing from local shops. To Charles Scribner, he spoke of Max Perkins's wife as an idiot, of Tom Wolfe as "a one book boy and a glandular giant with the brains and guts of three mice," and of Scott Fitzgerald as "a rummy and a liar." When jettisoning his second wife, Pauline Pfeifer, whom he had betrayed at every turn, he spread baseless charges about her sexual misconduct and "perversity"; and he would wake up his third wife, Martha Gelhorn, to rave at her (as she would put it), "to bully, snarl, mock" in outbursts of "hideous and insane reviling." With a female guest in the Hemingway's Cuban home looking on, Ernest humiliated his fourth wife, Mary Welsh, by smashing her typewriter on the floor and throwing wine in her face.

Explanations for such noisome antics abound: the pressures of enormous celebrity, severe wobbling of talent, fear of failure, spiteful reviews. There were those who found the behavior entertaining, and dined out on tales about it. At the same time, Meyers offers evidence that Hemingway, nearly to the end, could have spurts of generosity and kindness, and that with male companions (for instance, the urbanely observant Charles Collingwood) his presence could be a memorably enlivening one. But with his incessant rages and quarreling, his cruelties, his stupefyingly boring literary and sexual boasting, Hemingway emerges as perhaps the least simpatico figure in the annals of 20th-century letters. So much so, indeed, that he poses a question remotely like the one forced on us by Ezra Pound's diverse bigotries. To what degree does the quality of the work make up or atone for the personal life?

About the general problem, with its multiple facets, a great deal has been said and written over a very long time. Emerson noted that "Dante was very bad company, and was never invited to dinner," but added equably that "the ministers of beauty are rarely beautiful in coaches or saloons." We have been reminded recently by François Sagan that Sartre, taking another viewpoint, "never claimed that the talent of a writer could justify the failings of the man." But no one has addressed the issue better than W. H. Auden in his poem about the death of Yeats. "You were silly like us," he tells the poet's ghost; "your gift survived it all." And then:

> Time that is intolerant
> Of the brave and innocent. . .
>
> Worships language and forgives
> Everyone by whom it lives;
> Pardons cowardice, conceit,
> Lays its honours at their feet.
>
> Time that with this strange excuse
> Pardons Kipling and his views,
> And will pardon Paul Claudel,
> Pardon him for writing well.

Hemingway was without question one of the foremost among those who have made the American language live in our epoch. Did he write well enough—invent, imagine, compose, express—to be pardoned by history for his sins against the human? *Should* he be so pardoned?—for Auden's lines have to do with what happens, not what ought to happen. The answer comes slowly, but as one thinks over the writing—"imperishable" is the only word for some of it—the answer must surely be in the affirmative.

R.W.B. LEWIS

BLOODY BUSINESS

Political Murder: From Tyrannicide to Terrorism
by Franklin L. Ford

(Harvard University Press, 456 pp., $29.50)

The bulk of this book consists of case histories drawn from many centuries and many countries: from the Bible and ancient Greek and Roman history; from China, Japan, Africa, and the Americas, but mainly from Europe—medieval, Renaissance, and modern. The individual stories are lucidly told and skillfully set in their wider historical contexts, with the aid of a great wealth and diversity of unostentatious learning. Woven in among the case histories, moreover, is a fascinating anthology of statements about political violence, mainly contributions to the hoary debate about "tyrannicide."

For example, there is Xenophon; having condemned violence directed against constitutional governments, he adds:

> But with tyrants the very reverse is the case; for states, instead of avenging their deaths, bestow great honour on him who kills a tyrant; and instead of excluding tyrannicides from their temples, as they exclude the murderers of private citizens, they even place in their temples the statues of those who have been guilty of tyrannicide.

Cicero agreed, and a favorable view of "tyrannicide" became part of the classical legacy to the modern world. The

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first challenge to the received doctrine came from Thomas Aquinas. Ford, in a passage characteristic of his own style and approach, discusses the evolution of Aquinas's thinking on this matter:

> In several earlier writings the future saint had conceded that unjust, violent laws were a constant threat and spoke of proper means by which to "change magistrates," but only in *De Regimine Principum* does he face squarely the question of tyrannicide. From the pages of that treatise the shrewd realist, nephew of a German emperor and son of a Neapolitan count, peers out at us, unencumbered by his Dominican cowl or the robes of a doctor of the Sorbonne. Previously he had written, in deference to Cicero and other ancients, that "he who kills the tyrant for the liberation of his country is praised and receives a reward." Now, in the *Rule of Princes*, he appears to entertain serious doubts about the justice of killing a legitimate monarch for any reason whatsoever. And, lest those doubts appear to spring from excessive legalism or unabashed sycophancy, he offers his readers a quite different set of considerations: first, that a failed attempt at tyrannicide makes its target more oppressive than ever; that, conversely, the successful assassin has all too often become a tyrant even worse than his victim; and that—here words seven centuries old have the snap of present truths—"good kings would be likely to be slain more often than tyrants, for the rule of good kings was hard on evil-doers and evil men were more likely than good men to resort to such a desperate measure as tyrannicide." With those few lines the greatest scholastic Doctor of the church seems to step forward, out of his own time and into an era soon to follow.

In the welter of assassinations and violent changes of regime that accompanied the Renaissance, the legitimacy of tyrannicide was naturally invoked by every assassin and every new regime. After the overthrow of the Medici, the new Florentine regime planted before the Palazzo Vecchio a statue of Judith holding the severed head of Holofernes, with the inscription: "The citizens have erected this example of the salvation of the Republic." One great Florentine, however, was skeptical. Guicciardini, characteristically, gave a cool and formal endorsement to the received classical doctrine, but with a reservation that strips the doctrine of meaning: "Very few indeed have those been, whose motive of tyrannicide was a pure love of their country's liberty; and these deserve the highest praise."

If Guicciardini undermined the legitimacy of tyrannicide, a 19th-century intellectual and assassin undermined the legitimacy of the repression of tyrannicide. On October 21, 1916, Dr. Friedrich Adler, the prominent Social Democratic editor, shot dead the prime minister of Austria-Hungary, Count Karl von Sturgkh. At Adler's trial the prosecutor laid it down that homicide could not be countenanced as a political weapon "in an ordered polity." Adler replied: "I agree completely. However, the premise which has here to be proven is that we are living in an ordered polity." That remains, I believe, the most elegant formulation ever given to the legitimation of political terrorism.

A later intellectual practitioner of violence was more down-to-earth. Explaining the decision of the Bolshevik leaders to exterminate the entire imperial family, Trotsky wrote:

> The severity of this summary justice showed the world that we would continue to fight on mercilessly, stopping at nothing. The execution of the Tsar's family was needed not only to frighten, horrify, and dishearten the enemy, but also to shake up our own ranks, to show them that there was no turning back, that ahead lay victory or complete ruin.

FRANKLIN FORD'S book is a valuable collection of case histories and statements, together with a number of judicious, memorable, and humane obiter dicta by the author himself. Those who expect to find a systematic analysis of the nature of "political murder," however, will be disappointed. This is partly because Ford, with the caution proper to the historian, finds "too many unresolved puzzles and gaps in the available evidence . . . to permit a smooth tidy exit with certainties set all in a row." The author permits himself only two major inferences from his data. One is that there has been a steep rise in the number of assassinations. Between the 19th century and what has elapsed of this one, there has been a tenfold increase, with the steepest climb in the last three decades. The other is that assassinations almost invariably have produced results that are "not consonant with the aims of the doer."

Maybe so. But it is hard to be sure, in any given case, just what "the aims of the doer" actually are. Ford, along with many others, seems to assume that the aims of "political murder" are political. This assumption—almost universal among Western liberals—has led many of them (though not, I think, Ford) toward certain practical conclusions—such as that there are always political concessions that can be made to the political murderers (or their supporters) that would cause political murder to stop. The present Anglo-Irish talks, for example, are supposed to lead to the reduction of political violence through the removal of political grievances.

WHAT this line of thinking seems to assume is that terrorists are essentially political abstractions in quest of "solutions," in the presence of which they will duly vanish. But what if terrorists are human beings, sharing many characteristics with other human beings, including the possession of mixed motives and the tendency to put the more socially approved motives in the shop window? If that is the case, the motives for "political murder" may not be basically political at all, and the murderer may not be appeasable by purely political concessions.

What makes people join terrorist organizations? It is not possible to answer that question with anything approaching scientific precision. You don't, if you have any sense, try to conduct sociological or psychological surveys among terrorists and potential terrorists, in Beirut or in Belfast. You have to guess, instead, from a prudent distance.

My own guess, based on a certain amount of observation and reflection—mainly about Irish and Middle Eastern situations—is that the motives for joining include the following:

(1) The desire for glory, or at least enhanced status. As a young man in a Catholic slum of Belfast or Derry, you are nobody unless you are in the IRA. In a Palestinian slum "camp" in Lebanon, you are nobody unless you are in the PLO. Nor is the ambition purely personal. You are also winning enhanced status for your family, and if you are killed in action, your family's status will be still further enhanced. Furthermore, a rise of personal and familial status is not in any way dependent on the organization's attaining its political objectives. Indeed such success might well cause your status to collapse; Othello's occupation's gone.

(2) Desire for power. Even the rawest volunteer wins some of this immediately, in the street or village where he lives, by the mere possession of a gun.

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The leaders have a quasi-baronial power; it is limited in scope, but drastic in incidence. And they have the best of the status as well. Again, none of this depends on the organization's fulfilling its political objectives, or supposed political objectives. The immediate gratifications are there—as well as the risks—even if the objectives are altogether unattainable.

(3) Glory and power are, I believe, the main incentives (as they are also for many other political persons, who turn to less dramatic channels). But there are also other satisfactions. During the Irish "troubles" of the 1920s, a spokesman for the IRA was asked what his organization was looking for. "Revinge, Bejasus!" he shouted. He spoke for many.

ALL these motivations are at work in particular political contexts; they find political expression and political coloration. They are also directed, in a very broad sense, toward an ultimate political objective: "United Ireland," say, without the British, or "United Palestine," without the Jews. But that does not mean that any political compromise, or any political "solution" that does not provide more glory and more power to the organization, its leaders, and its members, will be acceptable. The notion that a deal between Hussein and Israel could disarm the PLO, or a deal between Dublin and London disarm the IRA, is a mirage. And even if a section of the IRA or the PLO would settle for a share in power, or an installment of territory, those who were not included in the power-deal would join with those who preferred glory or revenge to keep "the armed struggle" going. And the mere fact that "concessions" had been made would encourage those who rejected the concessions to keep it up, in the belief that the structure they disliked showed signs of collapsing.

In such a case, those who had made the concessions would be likely to find that they had got something even worse than they had before. It is true that there are exceptions. If a "compromise" can contain such large concessions to the violent organization itself as to be attractive to the more power-minded among the leaders, then a settlement of sorts can be achieved. Thus, the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921—under which the British withdrew their forces from all of what is now the Republic of Ireland—was followed by a civil war in Ireland, essentially between the power buffs and the glory buffs. Power prevailed over glory, as might be expected, and the treaty was upheld. All the same, the IRA remained in being, as an underground organization; and it emerged with increasing confidence, years later, to challenge the treaty settlement, mainly but not exclusively in relation to Northern Ireland, in a struggle no less bloody and much more protracted than the one that the treaty ended.

Where really large concessions are available—the kind that would split the violent organization—there is a case for making them, even if the settlement is likely to be challenged by renewed violence at a later stage. Thus there is a theoretical case, in terms of British realpolitik, for a British withdrawal from Northern Ireland. That would extricate the British from a bloody quarrel that would then become an Irish internecine one. There is a similar theoretical case—though a less evident one—for Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank. The case is not the one generally offered: that this course would win "Arab goodwill" for Israel. It would not. But it could result in the further splitting of the PLO and probably later in their expulsion from the West Bank by the Hashemite forces, which expelled them from the East Bank 15 years ago.

In fact I don't believe either in British withdrawal from Northern Ireland or in Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank. But at least some kind of case can be made, on grounds of realpolitik, for these courses. On the other hand, "peace processes" that offer no power at all to leaders of violent organizations can do nothing to diminish their propensity to violence. That seems to apply to both the Reagan Plan and the present talks between the Dublin and London governments. Not only do initiatives of this type not disarm the terrorists, but they actually encourage them. The constant nattering about a peace process that gets nowhere gives them the impression that their enemies are wobbling and their own day is near at hand.

A government that is not prepared to offer the terrorist organization something that some of its leaders will perceive as victory should refrain from talking about "political solutions." Terrorists are not, in my opinion, interested in solutions that fail to solve the problem that interests them most: how

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to increase their own power and enhance their status. And if surrender, or partial surrender, to the terrorist organization is excluded, then the only real alternative is to shut up about political solutions and treat the problem entirely as one of security. But even that is now much more difficult as a result of years of "peace processing," including vast international media attention for terrorists, and the encouragement given to known terrorists by international organizations, by many governments, both democratic and nondemocratic, and by high spiritual authorities. No wonder that, according to Franklin Ford's findings, "political murder" is in a more flourishing condition, as the 20th century moves to its end, than ever before in history.

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

Conor Cruise O'Brien's *The Siege* will be published by Simon and Schuster next spring.

TRISTESSE OBLIGE

Selected Letters on Politics and Society by Alexis de Tocqueville edited by Roger Boesche

(University of California Press, 417 pp., $24.95)

Tocqueville's idiosyncrasies have never been fully appreciated in this country. After 1945 he was idealized as the quintessential anti-Marx, his personal peculiarities slighted in favor of his "classical liberal" stance. But Tocqueville was not a typical or representative thinker in any sense. The exuberance with which he has been celebrated by *all* parties should have made that plain. Unfriendly to the market as well as to the state, his works yield choice aphorisms for both communitarians and libertarians. Convinced that religion was a salutary opium of the people and that centralization was the road to serfdom, he has naturally been venerated by the right. An eloquent advocate of political participation, he has been almost equally successful in winning admiration on the left. As the letters collected here show, moreover, he was outright proud of his ability to defy partisan classification: "They absolutely want to make me a party man and I am not that in the least." The urge to situate him somewhere along a conventional political spectrum already misled his earliest readers, he claimed. Democrats thought he was hostile to democracy, while royalists believed he favored it. Both were wrong.

Democracy, meaning the collapse of land-based aristocracy, was an inevitable fact, beyond good and evil, beyond praise or blame. Viewing it in this stoically affectless manner, however, did not make Tocqueville into some sort of political scientist, clinically detached from the societies he vivisected. His passion and personal engagement were too obvious to be overlooked. By neither yearning for the past nor welcoming the future, he merely guaranteed his moral isolation. His decision to exclude 19th-century books from his private library epitomized a more general refusal to reconcile himself to his time and place. It was as if, by some dreadful error, he had been born into the wrong century. Frustrated by repeated failures in practical affairs, he explained plaintively that "in other times and with other men, I could have done better." All functioning political parties, all practicable political programs seemed to him tasteless, principleless, and beneath his dignity. Too good for this world, he came to believe that "the political world is a dirty arena" and that "political life . . . is not worth a damn," and was consoled for the squalor of public life only by the intense loyalty of a handful of lifelong friends.

He worked hard for his countrymen, of course, but as he freely admitted, he could not help despising them for the contemptible specimens they were:

> I love man in general, but I am constantly encountering so many individuals who repel me by the baseness of their souls! My daily efforts tend to ensure that I will be invaded by a universal contempt for my fellow men.

This contempt, it should be noted, was not merely an aristocrat's disdain for *l'homme de rien* but was also fueled by a religious, Pascalian detachment from life, leading him to speak wearily of "the insignificance of our kind, of our world."

As is well known, Tocqueville qualified his insight into long-run massive historical trends with a moral affirmation of the human capacity to act, to deploy *virtù* against *fortuna* and channel the torrential currents of history away from despotism and toward freedom. He was not always successful, however, at tempering his inherent fatalism. American democracy managed to avoid both revolutionary chaos and Bonapartist tyranny because America possessed no threatening neighbors, no feudal system needing to be overthrown by violent means, and no tradition of hostility between republicanism and religion. France was not so lucky. It was not a question of a lack of resolve. France's situation, particularly its liability to class conflict, excluded the possibility of a transition to self-rule unmarred by revolution and despotism. In a pertinent letter, Tocqueville lamely suggested that the Bourbons should have devoted themselves to encouraging local self-government, thereby sobering up the peasantry and preempting a lurch to the left. But he knew that France had no history of democratic localism, and soon after publishing *Democracy in America*, he settled into a mood of sullen resignation. Not purposiveness but hopelessness seems ultimately to have dominated his political and intellectual careers.

Most of the letters gathered together in this volume, in fact, contain pitiless self-diagnoses of Tocqueville's state of mind—his soul storms, listlessness, and depression. He speaks alternatively of his "dissatisfaction," "anxiety," "malaise," "great bitterness," "infinite sadness," "sickly despondency," and "grievous numbness." He tends, intriguingly, to identify France's plight with his own, and he does so quite naturally, without any hint of narcissism or megalomania. Life, he writes, is a thing of mediocre worth, utterly without poetry; but, like other burdens, it must be borne. In this sense, life is very similar to democracy. *Tris-*

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tesse oblige: duty arises from sorrow, if not from despair.

To uncouth Americans, nothing may be more flattering than attention from a well-bred European. But in another sense, Tocqueville's immense popularity in this country is anomalous. He was certainly not addressing himself to the 20th-century American sociologists and political scientists who eagerly invoke his authority. A reader more typical of his intended audience was Louis de Kergolay, a young reactionary of aristocratic origins who was unhinged enough to participate in an abortive invasion meant to restore the Bourbons in 1832. Writing from America, Tocqueville stated quite unequivocally that "France . . . is the subject of nearly all my thoughts." In fact, the letters written during the 1830s uniformly suggest that *Democracy in America* cannot be safely wrested from the context of French politics. Tocqueville was writing directly to men like Kergolay and like his own father and brothers (who, remaining loyal to the Bourbons, were dismayed at Tocqueville's decision to swear allegiance to Louis Philippe). *Democracy in America* was a self-exoneration addressed to this peculiar class of deprived nobles.

TOCQUEVILLE'S most immediate readership, in other words, consisted of men who held the 13th century to be the pinnacle of human freedom, "men for whom the word *democracy* is synonymous with anarchy, upheaval, spoliation, and murder." (Not a plausible description of his average reader today.) Republican government was not so unpalatable as the French experience had led these frustrated Bourbonists to believe. America demonstrated conclusively that popular government was compatible with morality, order, and respect for property. The entire book was cast as a recipe for damage limitation addressed to unyielding ultraroyalists; misplaced intransigence would only divert an inevitable process of social leveling into violent and revolutionary channels. Be strong, he pleaded privately with Kergolay, give up! Throughout his correspondence, too, we find an unrelenting emphasis on reforms that may preempt revolution. Tocqueville's obsession with safety valves explains, at least in part, why it is impossible to classify him as either a progressive or a conservative. One could argue that he adopted progressive means to achieve conservative ends. But this would overclarify an intrinsically more confusing state of affairs.

To choose an example more or less at random, his famous analysis of the jury trial in America reveals the intriguing ambiguity of his stance. On the one hand, he praises the jury system for educating citizens and preparing them to govern themselves. On the other hand, he says that in a jury trial the jurors merely seem to be in control, while they actually are and will always remain puppets in the hands of the learned judge. Is the jury system, then, a democratic or an antidemocratic institution? Tocqueville characteristically argues both ways—which makes his analysis not merely brilliantly illuminating, but also endlessly baffling.

There is a certain charming naïveté, it must be admitted, about Tocqueville's contrast between egoism and virtue. Do self-interest and public-spiritedness really exhaust the gamut of human motivations? Is the former always despicable and the latter always admirable? Is individualism really as dangerous as collective passions? And why should the desire for life be considered "low"? With even less plausibility, Tocqueville assumes that actions not driven by self-interest are therefore inherently praiseworthy. (To dispel this illusion, consider for a moment Hitler's soldiers.) If politics were motivated by ideals rather than by interests, he repeatedly suggests, all France's fundamental problems would be solved. This is quite implausible, of course, not only because some ideals are inherently oppressive, but also because conflict between ideals can be much more ferocious than conflict between interests, not to mention that good motives hardly constitute a political program.

BY THE 1840s, Tocqueville was turning the full blast of his rhetoric against the unwholesome materialism, egoism, inertness, softness, mediocrity, and bourgeois dullness of the new France, what he called "the universal weakness that surrounds us." His biting forays into *Kulturkritik* also reflected a personal restlessness. To Beaumont, he wrote, revealingly: "You know what a taste I have for great events and how tired I am of our little democratic and bourgeois pot of soup." To Royer-Collard, he posed this romantic question: "Has there never been a world in which, I do not say virtue, but great passions have reigned and which was led by considerations other than miserable day-to-day interests?" The number of times he announces his longing for a rebirth of "greatness" and genuine "passion" is truly eye-opening.

Throughout most of the modern period, be it noted, the most prominent alternative to the bourgeois ethos was not socialism but militarism. It was the soldier who thought the merchant "corrupt." Predictably, Tocqueville's passionate longing to escape the pettiness

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of contemporary life led him (inconsistently) to glamorize war and conquest. Referring to it as a "great event," Tocqueville wrote in 1840: "I can only rejoice at the thought of an invasion of [China] by a European army." Despite his disclaimers, he loved liberty primarily for its results, or what he imagined to be its results: "manly virtues," "great actions," and of course national éclat. He inveighed against the tawdriness of "building railroads," called Napoleon I "the most extraordinary being who has appeared in the world for many centuries," and pined for "a great and virile nation." In 1853 he lamented that Napoleon III's former boldness, vitality, and grandeur was now being "extinguished and enervated" by material and bourgeois enjoyments, leading him to a shameful "powerlessness and modesty" in external affairs. Personally peaceful, Tocqueville romanticized war because of its purported effects on the soul: it could transform puny shopkeepers into heroes, raise men above self-interest and "carry them away." To this, one can only comment: indeed!

IN some of the letters translated here, Tocqueville sounds like a Christian Nietzsche, claiming that "great crimes" would be preferable to the grubbiness of interest-group politics. Even his much-publicized attack on Gobineau was partly motivated by his distaste for the prevailing softness, since racism was a form of fatalism (congenial to the inert bourgeois mind), denying human beings the chance to intervene boldly in the course of history. His own lifelong sense of ineffectiveness probably contributed to both the exaggeration and the unreality of these hymns to masculine hardness and virtue.

Intoxicated by Walter Scott, Tocqueville viewed the Middle Ages essentially as a period of poetic color and warmth, not as a cauldron of unbearable violence and bloodshed. There was poverty in feudal society, he extraordinarily asserted, but no degradation. Great barons were made "almost perfect" by their privileges. They never acted from self-interest or greed, and they showed no signs of ignoble conformism—only democratic citizens displayed these uncomely vices. Above all else, the slow process of centralization and rationalization, the imposition of a common legal and fiscal system upon large fragmented kingdoms, made no positive contribution to freedom. (Indeed, Tocqueville might have hesitated to call centralization a "road to serfdom," for this could seem an unkind slap at serfdom.) Centralization was an encroachment, an invasion, a nibbling away at the "independence" that Tocqueville prized so highly. That his is a one-sided account is the least that might be said. Without centralization, there would have been no freedom, only freedoms in the sense of privileges, as Tocqueville knew quite well. The Enlightenment thinkers he disliked most, such as Voltaire and Turgot, viewed sovereign power not solely as a threat to freedom but also as an instrument of freedom. Unlike Tocqueville, they were acutely aware of many threats to liberty that can only be overcome with the help of the state.

THE FRENCH edition to Tocqueville's collected letters, still unfinished, is organized according to addressees. This compartmentalization inadvertently conceals the extent of his everyday inconsistency. By presenting selected letters chronologically, the able editor of this English translation has revealed a little-examined aspect of Tocqueville's personality. Here we can study letters written on virtually the same day about the same topic, but which have very different twists because aimed at different friends and acquaintances. When he writes to Mill, he seems like a sincere convert to English radicalism. When he writes to Kergolay, he appears to be a prudent traditionalist. To his campaign manager, he displays the full ardor of his distrust of the Catholic Church. To his religious friends, his piety appears beyond question. His taste for polemic leads him to assert, uncharacteristically, that "religion . . . creates the most useless or the most dangerous citizens in the name of morality and duty." In an obvious desire to please another correspondent, he swerves from his usual opposition to state paternalism: "I am very much of your opinion that a more equal distribution of goods and rights in the world is the greatest aim that those who conduct human affairs can have in view." There may be no full-fledged contradictions here, but there are significant tensions. Like all intelligent people, Tocqueville had great powers of sympathy and imagination, and was therefore quite shifty. It is the lasting contribution of this volume that his many different voices, artfully interwoven in his published works, are so clearly disentangled and displayed—more so than in any other printed source.

Not surprisingly, these letters flash with sociological insights casually tossed off. But the clear-eyed student of the causes of revolution and the social and cultural preconditions of stable democratic government is largely eclipsed by the troubled soul out of joint with his times. Here we have a window not onto Tocqueville the thinker but onto Tocqueville the individual—alternately vigorous and exhausted, lucid and perplexed, simplistic and subtle. By studying this well-edited and agreeably translated volume, we can sharpen our awareness of the man's personal foibles and eccentricities. Thereafter, we can return to his unrivaled masterpieces with increased sensitivity, not to mention considerable relief.

STEPHEN HOLMES

Stephen Holmes teaches political theory at the University of Chicago. His *Benjamin Constant and the Making of Modern Liberalism* (Yale University Press) was published last year.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

hasn't touched, but this doesn't negate the fact that the state and local deduction also overwhelmingly benefits the rich.

SOCIAL SECURITY FURY

To the editors:

Regarding James Dale Davidson's "Social Security Rip-off" (November 11)—gimme a break! We all know the rich widow in the Luxury East Side apartment. She's the aunt of the Welfare Queen from Chicago.

The other three characters in this mythical melodrama are also well known. Poor foxy grandpa from Florida. He earned less than $10,000 a year all his life, and in spite of the fact that he had to use most of it for living expenses, he still managed to pile up a fortune. Then there is the poor struggling college student (always female) who, rather than give up her 35mm camera, stereo, VCR, and color television, trips to Europe, and other meager possessions, elects to work her way through college. The third, the newest

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player, is the poor black man from the South Bronx. The conservatives have been working him to death since they discovered him about two months ago.

The facts are these: according to the the American Association of Retired Persons, only one out of four people over the age of 65 receives any pension other than Social Security. Only one out of two people now employed is in a pension plan. Many retirement programs reduce pensions by a given proportion of expected Social Security benefits. Unionized workers, employees of large firms, and government workers are most likely to be covered by pension plans.

Mr. Davidson's crocodile tears won't wash away his invidious attempt to pit old against young, black against white, and poor against poor. What is really needed is more private pension plans, wise investment of Social Security funds, lower medical costs, and a reduction in the shift of bona fide welfare costs into the Social Security system.

DOROTHY SCHREYER
Spring Hill, Florida

To the editors:

James Dale Davidson's article on Social Security is very good. I worked for the Social Security Administration from 1967 until earlier this year. I remember seeing an 80-year-old beneficiary's file. He and his wife were receiving over $20,000 in Social Security benefits every year, and of course half of this income is tax-free. From the tax returns in the file, it was pretty clear that he was a millionaire. I agree with Davidson that it is absurd for the taxpayers to be sending this amount of money to people who don't need it.

RICHARD WINGER
San Francisco, California

TRB, *from page 4*

Iacocca and Ueberroth radiate a rather austere kind of charisma. It's not the personal warmth projected by successful modern American politicians from FDR through Ike to Ronald Reagan. It's more like the mystical ability to command that is the original meaning of "charisma."

As culture heroes, too, Iacocca and Ueberroth are a novelty. The American hero used to be a loner who rode off into the sunset. These corporate heroes sit atop large organizations and, in fact, are admired in part for their organizational skills. Even as business heroes, they are different from the entrepreneurs and inventors of the past, the Henry Fords and Thomas Edisons. They are salesmen, not engineers. Marketing, public relations, and lobbying are the keys to their success.

There used to be a name for the political philosophy of a strong charismatic leader, a Darwinian struggle among nations, and a privately owned but centrally planned economy, with a heavy emphasis on heroic images and pageantry. That name was fascism. Iacocca and Ueberroth are not fascists, of course, even in the clinical sense that Mussolini and Hitler made obsolete. But the flavor is definitely there. And it's a bit scary how appealing many find it.

Iacocca's vision of an economy managed by tripartite boards of government, business, and labor leaders is the classic corporate state of fascist ideology. It is capitalism without free enterprise, socialism without social justice, a deeply conservative and disastrous arrangement that would freeze the economy in place for the benefit of current property owners. His talk of Japanese "mugging" (which consists of selling people goods they wish to buy at prices they wish to pay) and of America's loss of "will" is straight out of fascist rhetoric about dynamic nations triumphing over complacent ones.

Ueberroth's Los Angeles Olympics were a tiny model of the corporate state. They may have been "private" in the sense that corporations financed and ran them, but almost nothing truly private or spontaneous was permitted to happen. Everything was planned and organized down to the tiniest detail. The mammoth security apparatus, the strict standardization of uniforms and decorations, the vast cheering crowds, the endless marching and singing in unison and standing at attention, demonstrated that even the world's freest city can be turned into an authoritarian fantasy world under the right kind of leadership.

Time made Ueberroth its "Man of the Year." The photos—gazing upward at him from a point about six inches off the ground, with some grandiose marble pile in the background—would have made Leni Riefenstahl proud. And America swooned. But the romance won't last. These guys aren't really our type.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Fear of Dying

"WE BUILT THIS CITY on Rock and Roll," by Starship, which is my favorite song these days, is not about Washington. This city definitely does not rock—although it now has three thriving radio stations that play oldies. In a taxi the other day, I talked with the driver about the fine distinctions in programming among Magic 102, Xtra 104, and 94.7, which boasts Light Rock and Less Talk (a slogan that, if adopted by Congress, would make Washington—in fact, all of America—a better place to live). The cab driver was a 28-year-old Thai refugee who, by listening to Armed Forces Radio, had developed a taste for Frankie Valli (a genius of the first order, we agreed, a great hood romantic), the Shirelles (sweet black ingenues, doing "Tonight's the Night" and "Mama Said" with endearing sincerity), and the Shangri-Las (tough, gum-snapping white girls with teased hair, punks before their time). The cab driver, a shy man of perfect taste, was not, of course, the typical oldies fan, who tends to fit your classic yuppie mold. Yuppies are drawn to old rock 'n' roll because it recalls our years of glory and, more important, because we have no other culture to call our own. Yuppie culture is entirely retro. Ann Beattie, Bogart, Art Deco, and the Mamas and the Papas are all of a piece. They're sentimental, they're safe, and they break no new ground.

WASHINGTON IS A CITY of student council presidents and the men they married young. Today these folks are making up for their misspent youth, when they sat chalky and flabby in civics class instead of playing field hockey or football. Today they work out. Exercise has replaced real estate as the major topic of conversation here: How many miles did you run last week? Have you brought Nautilus equipment into your basement yet? Given a choice, I'd rather discuss condo prices around Dupont Circle. But then, as a former student council president, I'm as guilty of indulging in workout chat as the next guy.

THREE MORNINGS A WEEK, I wake up early, drive downtown, and meet 20 other male, middle-aged Washington types in a small gym near the State Department. There, for an hour, we perform such exotic rites as touching our toes without bending our knees, pretending we are rowing but without oars, and lifting heavy iron bars over our heads many times. In between, for about 20 minutes, we leave the gym and run—usually along the Potomac River between the Watergate and Memorial Bridge. My companions are the usual suspects: lawyers, lobbyists, journalists, two judges, a speechwriter, and a well-known syndicated humorist who, before he began this regime last March, used to smoke cigars. What keeps us going? Our instructor, a bright young woman with a good imagination, has us all convinced that we're getting into shape for the next hostage crisis. We'll be parachuted into Tripoli, our faces smudged, to rescue the passengers of a hijacked 7 a.m. Eastern Airlines Shuttle that has been diverted over Wilmington, refueled in Bangor, and sent across the Atlantic by a gang of Libyan thugs. Any day now, we'll get the call.

WHAT DOES ALL THIS workout mania mean? What are the policy implications? Forget puns about muscular liberalism. All that I can figure out is that yuppies don't want to die; they want to keep their options open as long as they can.

THIS IS ONE YUPPIE, at any rate, who doesn't want to die in a plane crash. The most harrowing story I've read in years was the one about those Japanese passengers writing last letters to their families as their 747 was on the way down, headed for a mountain range. The more I fly—and I fly a lot—the more frightened I get. Partly it's because there have been so many accidents this year, and partly it's because I've chosen the wrong therapy. When I first began to get scared, I decided to intellectualize the problem away. I learned all I could about flying: What were the dangerous approaches to National and LaGuardia? How did pilots find thunderstorms on their radar screens? What were the chances of stalling on takeoff? I read books. I talked to pilots. Now, it turns out, I know too much. I was better off ignorant. But flying up and back to New York every week has taught me one important thing—how to find the best seat on the Shuttle. It's way in the rear, in the smoking section (very few Shuttle passengers smoke anyway), next to the emergency exit. There's a row back there that has only two seats across instead of three. If you sit in the window seat, you'll have a luxurious amount of space—and you can look out the porthole every ten minutes to make sure the engines aren't on fire.

TO HELL WITH THE POLICY implications of exercise bikes. Just consider America's fate if the 7 a.m. Shuttle actually were hijacked and kept at Beirut Airport for, say, a month. There would be a moratorium on applications for cellular radio licenses, a dramatic dip in frequent-flier business, and most important, a time-out in the corporate takeover game. We would be spared reading about the latest "dramatic and high-stakes battle" for control of a company that makes brand name goods much in demand. Is there anything less significant to American society than whether Ronald O. Perelman of Pantry Pride does or does not acquire Revlon? The *New York Times* devotes nearly a full page to the inside story. We learn that Felix Rohatyn had to cancel two vacations—in Austria and Venice—to fly back to defend Revlon (he's one guy who isn't scared to fly); that Pantry Pride's "lawyer and strategist" provided the code name for the takeover project, the moniker of his own daughter, Nicole; and that, to keep up the spirits of Revlon execs, the company printed up T-shirts that read, "It ain't over till the fat lady sings." The problem with these pieces is that they glamorize the fevered activity of lawyers, investment bankers, and other "strategists"—activity that is at best meaningless, and at worst an incredible waste of talent. The all-night sessions writing briefs, the hurried meetings in airports, the code names. . . . These guys would be more valuable to society touching their toes without bending their knees.

J.K.G.

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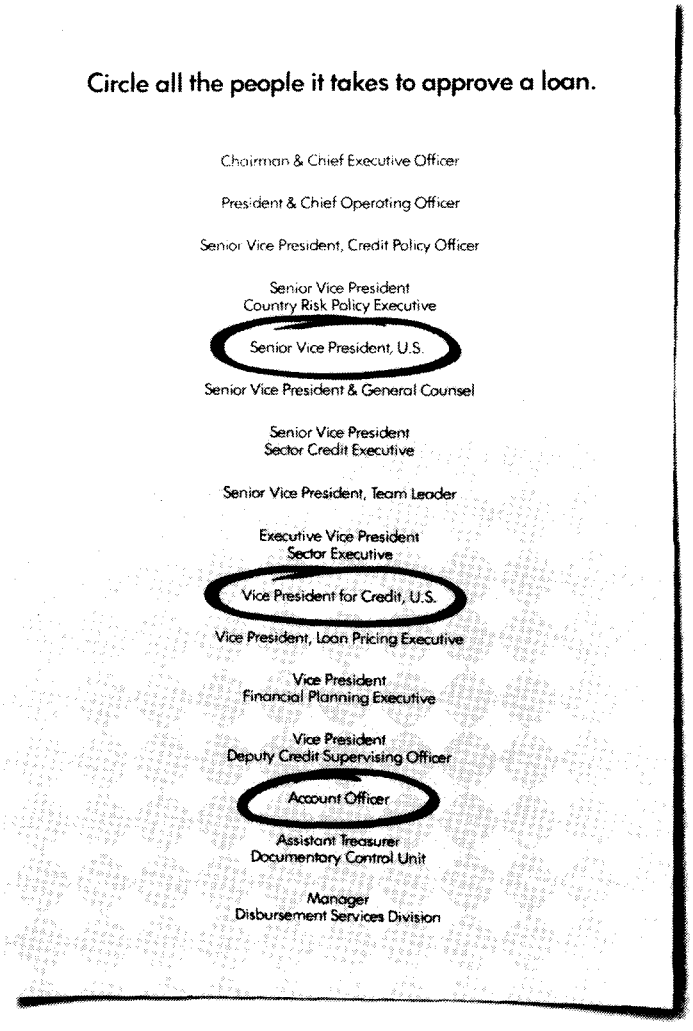

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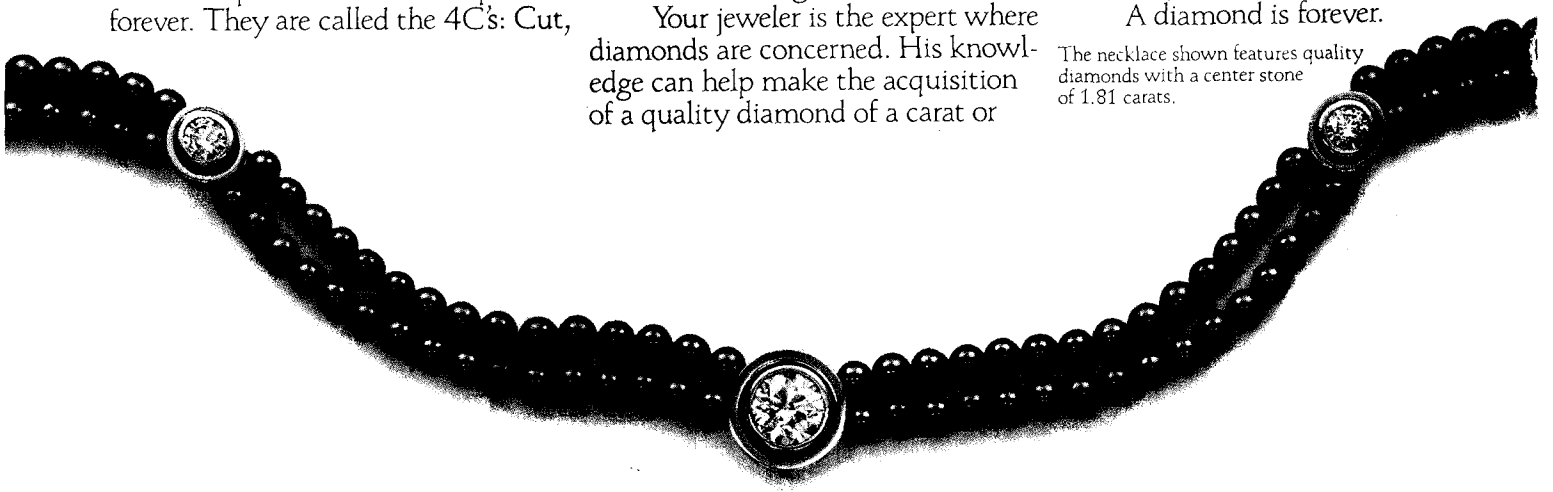

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